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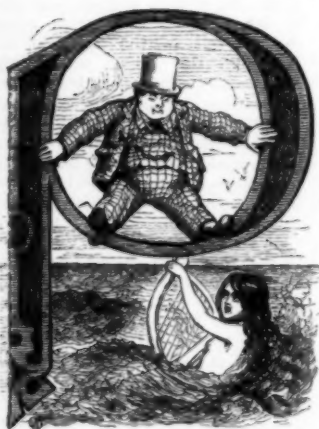
OCTOBER, 1863.

MR. TRAFFORD CARR'S BUSINESS JOURNEY.

A Sensitive Romance.

CHAPTER I.

'WHAT A PIECE OF IMPERTINENCE!'



ADDINGTON train, sir? No, sir. One twenty, half an hour to wait.'

Half an hour to wait! and he had already waited till his patience was exhausted. How was he to get through another thirty minutes? The Sydenham trousers had ceased to interest him; the instructions of Mr. Rodgers for self-measurement struck him as disgustingly importunate; the point blank inquiries as to why he persisted in suffering, when, for a certain number of postage stamps a cure might be obtained for any and every evil under the sun, seemed to him positively insolent; and yet he had nothing to do but to examine them. It wasn't his fault, but the fault of Mr. Bradshaw, whom, as he would have said just then, no fellow could understand, and his time was really precious.

He walked up the platform and put one foot lazily on the portmanteau labelled with his name—Trafford Carr; he watched, lazily also, the unloading of a train just arrived from the terminus to which he was bound: he stood back against the wall to keep out of the crowd of scared-looking passengers who knew where they wanted to go perhaps, but had not the remotest idea how to get there, and who were one and all personally injured by the neglect of the harassed porters.

Mr. Carr was a Saxon-looking man, with blue eyes that twinkled just now with a gleam of amusement which perhaps he did not care to hide, as he looked at the motley assemblage fuming and fretting before him. He had brown hair which curled, and a moustache which would not curl, and he was twisting the latter into all sorts of odd contortions, when a little child ran foul of the portmanteau and tumbled over it.

'Confound the whole crew of nursemaids!' muttered Mr. Carr, picking up the child nevertheless, and setting it on a pair of unsteady legs. As he stooped for this purpose, it seemed that something in the pile of unclaimed luggage on the platform caught his eye, and he started forward to examine it more closely.

'Claim your luggage, please,' shouted an official voice at his ear. 'That yours, sir?'

'No!' said Mr. Carr. 'Wait a bit.'

He was bending down over a holland-covered package, and had actually turned the leather address case round, so that he might be quite sure of its contents, when a gentleman's silver-topped cane fell with rather a smart rap upon the trunk, and a gentleman's voice ejaculated sharply, 'Mine, sir.'

Mr. Carr had the grace to reddens, and to gulp down the insane desire he felt to retort, 'You tell a fib, sir.' For he did not believe that the package in question belonged to this gentleman, nor yet to his sister, who stood beside him—his very image—frowning down her haughty indignation upon the inquisitive interloper.

'I beg your pardon,' muttered Mr. Carr. He got a nod from the young man, and he had the comfort of hearing the lady say, with tolerable distinctness, 'What a piece of impertinence!'

Mr. Trafford Carr went back to his portmanteau, but the half-hour which a minute ago had seemed so interminable a period, suddenly became a brief span, passing all too quickly for the whirl of thoughts in his head to shape themselves. The brother and sister were personally unknown to him, but the big 'Rivers' which marked some of the luggage struck him as familiar in connection with the name he had examined in that leather case. Was the owner of the name travelling with these people? And if so, whither? And what was it to him?

Business called him to town; in fact, it was business with his lawyers, the importance of which it had never occurred to him to doubt until now. But after all, what could they possibly want with him? He knew nothing of legal matters; he could not be of the least practical use, nor his presence of the least importance. Indeed, it was very probable that they would manage a great deal better without him than with him. He began to feel rather angry with his lawyers and aggrieved at the

notion of obeying their summons. And at this juncture the brother and sister passed him again.

'You see to the luggage, Antony,' said the latter; 'I am going to look for mamma and Ellinor.'

A sudden contraction of Mr. Carr's face, and a whiteness which came over it just then, announced that his resolution was taken. A mad resolution, perhaps, formed on a moment's impulse, but not to be moved. He followed the sister at a distance down the platform, and saw some one join her—an elderly lady and a young one. As the face of this latter turned for a moment in his direction, he drew a sharp breath and stood still, but she did not see him. They were getting into one of the carriages of a train going directly out of the fangs of his lawyers. He walked on quickly and became aware that his fingers were trembling as he reached the telegraph office and dictated a rapid message concerning sudden business which made it impossible for him to be in town that day; then he passed through the booking-office, caught up his portmanteau, and made a rush for a carriage just as the cry of 'Take your seats, please,' and the sound of fastening doors had nearly driven him wild with the fear of losing the train altogether. Even now he was not out of the worry.

'This is not your train, sir,' said the porter, who had just before given him half an hour to wait.

'It is,' responded Mr. Carr, exasperated.

'Let me see your ticket, please,' pursued the unbelieving porter.

Mr. Carr produced it.

'All right, sir. Thought you were for Paddington.'

Once seated, and having got over the slight awkwardness of throwing himself upon a lady's bonnet-box, blue as to colour and frail in constitution, he took off his hat and composed himself to think. But in the first place, he felt uncomfortably warm; in the next, uneasily conscious that the owner of the bonnet-box was alternately rubbing up the injured article and casting glances of deadly hatred upon its injurer; and in the third and last place, what

would thinking do for him but strengthen the disagreeable idea beginning to suggest itself already, that he had made a most unaccountable simpleton of himself? And what was to come of it? Here he was in for a four hours' journey, whose terminus would, he believed, be a sea-side resort, the very existence of which, one single hour ago, had been scarcely known to him and of no significance at all in his eyes.

'It's the old story,' thought Mr. Trafford Carr. 'The same abominable rashness and pig-headed obstinacy that sent me into such a mess three months ago, and made me wretched for life; as if—'

'I beg your pardon, sir, but if you *could* put your feet a little on one side of the birdcage—'

'Oh!' ejaculated Mr. Carr, 'certainly.'

First a bonnet-box and then a birdcage, and the voice of this most irritating female was like a nutmeg-grater to the ears of the unhappy man. What business had she with a birdcage under the seat, with bonnet-boxes, and packets, and cloaks, and black bags literally filling up all the arm-chairs in the carriage; and umbrellas or parasols, whichever they were, and papers of sandwiches stuck about the 'cradle'? Would she speak again? Did he actually see symptoms of a relenting temper and an impending attempt at conversation? Was it on the cards that he should be confidentially informed of the extent of her journey, its cause—probably ailments which would be detailed? Mr. Carr was an Englishman, and he was worried. He stuck his travelling cap over his eyes, put his head into a corner, folded his arms and went to sleep or shammed, which was, after all, quite as good for him as thinking.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRAVELLING PHOTOGRAPHER.

'It smells fresh, even to me,' thought Mr. Trafford Carr, taking off his hat and letting the air blow upon his head; 'and I'm not used up either like some fellows, nor

blanched by town residence. There comes a packet. What a line she leaves in the water, and what cockle-shells she makes the little boats look! I should like a row, but not to-night.'

It was just seven o'clock in the evening, and the sun was kissing the bay by way of salute before the mountains hid them; and the long unbroken crescent with which, in its various modifications, we are all familiar, began to wake up from its afternoon drowsiness and to turn out for promenade.

Mr. Carr might have seen, as he sauntered along the parade, hundreds of ladies well dressed, and hundreds culpably defying all harmonies of style and colour; hats of all dimensions, from the absurdly shadeless turban and sailor to the broadest flapping Tuscan; and crinolines in every variety of size and awkwardness; but he did not observe these things. There might have been more attraction in the shimmering of the water where the sun touched it, or the gentle rise and fall of the many boats lying at anchor in the bay, or the murmur of those melancholy things which the sea is always whispering to the shore, but Mr. Carr was not thinking of this either. He felt its influence no doubt indirectly, but he was preoccupied. He went up to the parade railing, fashioned after the manner somewhat of the London park barriers, and leaned against it. A band or two passed him with their music-stands and instruments, and one of them fixed up the programme for the evening exactly opposite his leaning place.

A sudden thought occurred to Mr. Carr as he saw this. Would it be of any use to put it in practice? He must consider it a little. So he stood there, lazily listening to 'Robert, toi que j'aime,' and three ladies looked out upon him from the drawing-room of Heidelberg House, in full view of which he stood.

These three ladies had an air of being newly arrived, and were probably too much fatigued to join the motley of the promenade. To forestall the 'Visitors' List,' their names had been given to the landlady as Mrs. and Miss Rivers, and Miss Challis; added to these, came Mr.

Antony Rivers, the gentleman who was just now testing the softness of a yellow couch at the extreme end of the room. Their names having been duly chronicled, however—a social duty—these new visitors became to the landlady nameless beings, their individuality merged in the general stream of coming and going guests: they were now simply 'The Drawing-room.'

It might have seemed strange to them, but their requirements and fatigues and pleasures, as persons, would have from henceforth no interest in the landlady's eyes. If the Drawing-room wanted anything, the Drawing-room rang its bell; and the Drawing-room was the department of a certain oppressed damsel, who lodged at night in a hole in the roof, and prayed for the season to be over.

'It isn't so bad—this sofa,' remarked Mr. Antony Rivers. 'Try it, old lady.'

By 'old lady,' Mr. Rivers meant his mother, and the only plea that can be urged in defence of the seeming disrespect is, that from his lips it signified affection.

'No, thank you, Tony. What a lazy fellow you are!'

'Exactly. What do people come to the seaside for?'

Miss Rivers suggested 'shrimps,' and her mother, who took things literally, said, 'Change of air and scene;' neither of which answers appeared to Mr. Antony deserving of notice.

'One comes to the seaside to be jolly,' he said: 'Sir Bulwer Lytton holds the elixir of life to be rest, by which, of course, he means profound laziness; and I think, myself, that it is one of the elements of jollity.'

Having said this he moved his head slightly, to improve his facilities for the study which was in reality occupying him. He was watching his cousin, Ellinor Challis. She sat against one of the window-curtains, so that he saw only her profile, and by-and-by not even that, for she suddenly put her hand up to her forehead, as though it ached, and kept it there. The *post* suggested to Mr. Antony that she was aware of being observed, and he smiled.

'Tired, Ellinor?' he asked.

She lowered her hand and looked at him steadily.

'I don't like being stared at, Antony.'

Antony laughed outright, possibly to hide a little flush of mortification that came over his face. He had not seen Ellinor, until lately, for many years, and the change which those years had effected made it natural, he thought, that he should follow her movements with a little cousinly admiration.

'Well, my dear, I really do think the people stare a good deal,' said Mrs. Rivers, innocently. 'But the rudeness is theirs, you know, not ours.'

This time it was Ellinor's turn to smile, and Antony took it as a token of forgiveness.

'They can't see me, can they, mother? By the way, what a stupid thing it was to let that woman get hold of Mr. Antony Rivers for the paper. I might have been Don Antonio de Rivaz, and have had a chance of getting looked at. I wonder if it's too late.'

'Be quiet, Tony,' said his sister; 'and, Ellinor, look here; but don't let yourself be seen. Lower down, leaning against the railing. That's the impertinent fellow I told you of, who looked at our luggage with such cool assurance. What's the matter? He didn't see you, did he?'

'A travelling photographer,' drawled Antony, 'who has an eye to his profession. The old lady and you two shall sit to him for the Graces.'

'And now he is staring in here.'

'Don't mamma, pray; I wouldn't have him see that we recognize him for the world. It's the greatest piece of impertinence I ever knew.'

'These things,' began Mrs. Rivers sententiously, 'often happen without—'

'Is there anything in a name?' broke out Antony from the sofa; 'because, if so, I can tell you his.'

'You! And how did you know it?'

'Curious, Augusta. By using my eyes, to be sure. I looked at his

portmanteau, and I'm pretty nearly sure there was a Paddington label on it; so how he comes to be here I can't say.'

'Antony, you are as bad as he was. Talk of a woman's curiosity, indeed!'

Mr. Antony shrugged his shoulders indifferently. 'The name was Trafford Carr; queer, but not ill-sounding.'

'Trafford!' repeated Mrs. Rivers, slowly, catching only the first name. 'Wasn't there a Mr. Trafford, Ellinor: or, no, it was Stafford——'

Mrs. Rivers stopped abruptly. Her son had leaped from the sofa, with a bound that shook the room, and startled her into a little scream of consternation.

'A thousand pardons,' said Antony. 'I didn't mean to make such a noise, but I wanted to wake myself. You are astray, mother; the name of the travelling artist is Carr. Puts one in mind of biscuits, doesn't it? Most silent and absorbed cousin Ellinor, will you take a turn on the promenade?'

Ellinor Challis rose at once. A certain deference which distinguished Antony's manner to her at times could not fail to please her, in spite of the bantering manner that disguised it; moreover, he had just interfered to prevent inquiries which would have been painful, and she was grateful to him. Antony himself did not know this, or knew it but dimly. He could scarcely account for the impulse that had prompted his opportune interruption. He only knew that Ellinor had been ill, and that a rumour had gone about concerning an engagement abruptly and mysteriously broken off. It was most probably idle rumour, after all; but still he thought it well to stop his mother's researches when they turned upon his cousin's gentlemen acquaintance. But with the consciousness of having acted a sort of protector's part towards her, he conceived a sudden desire to know certainly the truth or falsehood of the rumour. And perhaps he was also a little elated by the alacrity with which she had responded to his proposal of a walk, for he took her hand, as he held open the door for her to pass

through, and said in his best and most insinuating manner—

'You won't bear malice, will you?'

His bit of mannerism shrank at once before the somewhat scornful amusement which tinged Ellinor's look and answer.

'Cousin Antony,' she said, glancing back at him, 'let me beg of you to believe that it is better to be natural than to affect absurdity.'

Antony was not used to rebuffs; and although he knew he had been pretending, yet it was not pleasant to be told so. Besides, Ellinor was very handsome, unusually so just then, when she looked a bit scornful; she was not often roused to look so. And what did it matter about the two years by which she was his senior? No one would take her for the eldest, particularly if they made proper allowance for his big whiskers and moustache. He wasn't quite so sure, now he came to think of it, that there had been no reality in his bit of sentiment. One thing, however, he was sure of, namely, that he should not venture to take her hand in that way very soon again.

'Upon my word,' mused Mr. Antony, 'I wonder she didn't box my ears. They almost feel as if she had.'

'Tony,' said Mrs. Rivers from the window, 'I don't think we ought to wait for Mr. George Rivers to call upon us. He might never see the names, you know, and your father would not be pleased if we went home without seeing him. I think you should go to the rectory.'

'To-night, mother?'

'You stupid boy. I am in earnest.'

'Very well. But the rector is nothing to me. Second cousins don't count, you know.'

'I wonder if he is as music-mad as ever,' said Mrs. Rivers, speculatively.

'Sure to be. That's a taste that doesn't die.'

'He would be pleased with Ellinor's voice. I want to make her sing again if I can. I want to rouse her in some way. Antony, we must get a piano, and have the

rector, or his son and daughters, or all, here.'

'Speaking of Ellinor,' said Antony, with an air of profound unconcern, 'I suppose there was nothing in that rumour. I mean about a broken engagement.'

Mrs. Rivers looked at him with a little bewilderment for a moment, and then she laughed.

'Nonsense, Antony! Mr. Challis sent Ellinor with us because she had not been well, and he thought the change would do her good. Of course I am very glad to have her.'

'Of course we are,' said Antony, generalizing it.

'And we must take care of her, and make her go out a good deal. She is very quiet. These slow, dragging indispositions are more likely to leave low spirits behind them than a sharp illness which is soon over. Then Ellinor has no mother, and a father may be everything that is wise and kind, but these seemingly slight ailments are beyond his ken. You must take Ellinor on the hills, you and Augusta; the air up there will put fresh life into her.'

'Then you think there was nothing in it, and there's no gentleman's head that I could have the pleasure of punching?'

'My dear Tony, don't be absurd. Put by your superfluous energy until it is wanted. Be off, and don't keep the girls waiting.'

CHAPTER III.

'IL BALEN.'

The sun was gone long ago, and the evening air blew up fresh from the sea along the parade. Mr. Trafford Carr had left his leaning position, and mixed amongst the shifting crowd of promenaders. He did not move with them, however, but kept pretty nearly to the same place, and he was just now occupied with a calculation as to the exact time it would take certain figures approaching in the distance to reach that place. These figures moved slowly. Mr. Rivers, the centre one of the three, had dropped into a saunter as meditative in its way as Mr.

Carr's immobility. Antony's efforts to make himself entertaining had been damped by the unpleasant conviction that the more he talked the more silent and absent Ellinor became. He could not decide to his own satisfaction whether he was in love, or going to be in love with his cousin, or not. Her supreme indifference piqued him; he was at the sea-side, and had nothing to do, and the temptation to amuse himself with a little flirtation was dangerous. He would have liked to know what Ellinor thought of him in her own mind; but the absolute blank which such a question would have produced might have been salutary but not palatable. She was not thinking about him at all; had never thought about him sufficiently to form an opinion. She walked by his side, and probably knew that he talked a good deal, but she left his sister to answer him. All at once something roused her from her apathy. It was growing late; the stars had begun to come out, and a light or two had sprung up in the windows along the parade. They were passing near to a famous string band engaged for the season, and the commencement of a well-remembered air from the 'Trovatore' made her turn with a movement of sudden pain towards the players. Then she saw that she had turned straight round upon the impertinent examiner of her luggage; that he was leaving the group around the musicians and coming to meet her; that his face was white and resolute, and that he meant to be seen. A spirit of pride and just anger stung her into strength. He came forward as though he had some claim upon her consideration; he would find it a mistake. Another moment and she had passed him, looking into his face with a single glance of determined unconcern, as though she had been passing a stranger. She walked on a little farther, and then stopped.

'Let us go in now,' said Ellinor. 'It is cold.'

Antony bent down to look at her with an unaccountable sensation of something strange in her voice.

'We have kept you out too long,'

he said. 'We must not do it again. Come, Augusta.'

Mrs. Rivers was waiting for them in the growing darkness of the drawing-room, but Ellinor went straight up to her own room and locked herself in.

She tried to throw off her cloak, but the fingers which worked at its fastenings were trembling with anger or grief, or some passion strangely at variance with her usual impassability of manner; and in the midst of this sudden storm she was conscious of an hysterical inclination to laugh at the thought of what those quiet people down stairs would say if they could see her.

'He never meant coming here,' thought Ellinor, 'until he saw us. What have I done that I should be tormented in this way? He came on purpose. Ungenerous and cruel, he asked those men for "Il Balen" on purpose; he knew I should remember; he thinks, because I am a woman, that I shall be weak enough to forget his own words and my acquiescence in them. I never will. If he is come here to haunt me, I must show him that I can bear it, as I did to-night. Three months ago I knew he would be sorry, but he should have thought of that before. I wish I were really strong; these sudden excitements hurt me so. I am shaking all over; and I have got to go down stairs and look as if nothing was the matter.'

Meanwhile Mr. Trafford Carr walked on with a tingling in his cheeks and a feeling of bitter exasperation against everybody, the string band included. Ellinor was right; he had asked for 'Il Balen' on purpose; and, now he came to think of it, the mistake had been a very foolish one. Well, it was done, and could not be recalled. But that reflection did not smooth down his vexation, nor modify the irritation with which he found his walk checked by the audience of an imitation Brousil family in full chorus. He took a dislike to the tiny violinists, and called their chorus discord, which was unjust, for they played very well. He had an unreasonable feeling of impatience against all those people who were

chattering and laughing around him; on one side a jabbering of French, on another the roll of an Italian sentence, and occasionally the German gutturals reaching his ear and bespeaking his unwilling attention to the talkers. His disgust reached its climax when he came upon a reverend brother Stiggins, who had taken up his post between the fires of two season bands, both being faintly audible at times, and was warning his dear friends, in a voice and language which might be called religious swearing, against the temptations of music in general, and this music in particular. To do justice to the good taste of the promenaders, Mr. Stiggins had a very thin audience, and these were small boys who stared at him in a bewildering state of uncertainty as to whether he really meant it or whether he was simply performing, like the imitation Brousils, and would presently send his hat round.

Mr. Carr turned away, and went to sit in the shadow of an old boat on the shingle. The tide was going out, and he flung into it a little box which he took from his pocket, and which had once contained patent 'Vesuvians,' warranted safe from damp, from spontaneous ignition, or from any other evil to which matches in general are subject. And as the little vessel drifted off to sea, so his thoughts drifted away from the present, from Ellinor as she was now, a stony unreality, whom he had forfeited all claim to regard as anything but a stranger—to Ellinor as she was three months ago, before the cloud came.

And he remembered lying under a tree, lazily looking out upon sunny lawns until the sunshine came and stood before him visibly, and he pretended unconsciousness to see what she would do. Well, she went away from him quietly, without speaking. It was just like her. And then he had to run after her, and was angry, and they sparred a bit, and made it up again. Not much to remember, perhaps, but there was something very pleasant, and very bitter too, about it.

And then he remembered the joy-

liest Christmas party which had ever fallen to his lot; where there had been private theatricals, and plenty of bad acting which was applauded, and a little good acting which was not applauded; a faint suspicion of jealousy even then, but a good deal of that happiness which he supposed was all over now. The strange thing about it was that he never seemed to have appreciated it rightly until it was over. After that came a recollection so gloomy that his face lengthened under it, and he collapsed still further into the boat's shadow.

The glorious days of country freedom came to a close, and Ellinor went to town with her father. Mr. Carr followed, of course, and expected a monopoly, which he did not get. Mr. Challis required his daughter to pay some little attention to other friends, and Mr. Carr fretted himself into a furious fit of jealousy and unreasonable exaction. The thing which puzzled him now in this retrospect was, how he could ever have been so absurd. Then came that one-evening engagement which he had required Ellinor to break because he was not included in it; and when she argued the point Mr. Carr said something, in the passionate impulse of the moment, which Ellinor could not stand.

'If you think that,' she said, 'the sooner we say good-bye the better. And, indeed, I perfectly agree with you.'

She was very quiet about it; but Mr. Carr knew then that, even if his pride would have suffered him to appeal, there would be no moving her. There had been no question of friendship between them. Both knew that it would be impossible: both recognized the wideness of the gulf so suddenly opened between them. Mr. Carr saw it with a bewildered amazement—seeing, yet half incredulous. It was so monstrous; he had never contemplated such a thing; he did not know how to bear it when it came; and besides all this, it was his own doing.

'My fault,' muttered Mr. Carr, throwing whole handfuls of pebbles

at the unoffending sea. 'I did it all. I shut out that sort of sunshine from my life altogether. And yet I think, coming upon me so suddenly as she did yesterday—was it yesterday or to-day? I can hardly tell—I think it was scarcely wonderful that the temptation to follow for the chance of seeing her should have proved too much for me. I meant to humble myself, and that trick with the music was not humble. I am not sure that I am capable of any great humility. If I were to write to her she would return the letter unopened. I know her so well that I am certain she would, whether she cares for me or not—that is, unless I could disguise my hand, so that she might open it without knowing from whom it came. In that case—well, I must think of it. At any rate, I am here, and here I shall stay; and until I am positively certain that there is no hope, I won't give up.'

So Mr. Carr left his boat, and walked up and down opposite Heidelberg House until he saw, for one moment, a shadow on one of the drawing-room blinds, and then he went to his room at the 'Queen's.'

CHAPTER IV.

'IT'S A BOBBY IN DISGUISE.'

'And what about the practisings, Tony?'

'Oh, well, we must have a piano, of course. I'll run over to Foster's and get one this afternoon. Won't the people through the wall have a treat? I think we ought to charge. But, Augusta—'

'Well.'

'About that song, you know?'

'Ellinor says she would rather not sing it. If she is quite determined—'

'Quite,' interrupted Ellinor. 'I cannot undertake a solo. I would rather not do anything; but as that seems ungracious, I don't object to join in the choruses—nothing else.'

'Not even "Janet's Choice?"' said Antony, appealingly.

'Not even "Janet's Choice."'

'And you sing it so capitally!'

And Augusta's upper D is of no use there, because she has no lower notes. It wants a contralto or a mezzo at least. Well, it can't be helped. I shall have to write for my cornet.'

'Don't throw stones, Antony, and do be still if you can. We have done enough mountain-climbing to-day: let us rest. How beautiful it is!'

Miss Rivers was right as to the beauty of the scene she looked upon, but there is no necessity to enter into any description of it; moreover, such description might betray the locality, and thus become, by a figure of speech, personal. It would have taken some days of hard walking to 'do' the mountains thoroughly, but they had done something, and were not ambitious. It was the fashion here to climb, in a greater or less degree; so they climbed. It was also the fashion to use poles or alpenstocks; so, of course, they had alpenstocks, which so added to their personal appearance as tourists that Mr. Antony had begged very hard to patronize the owner of a photographic studio in a sheltered spot on the hill, and a study of three tourists had in consequence been that morning immersed in the photographic bath for development.

There was also an archery-ground on the hill, bristling perpetually with the arrows of ambitious but inexperienced archers, and a shooting-gallery for gentlemen, and a cricket-ground, which, being smooth and level, did very well for croquet, and on which the two ladies and their escort had been practising that game for a brief period. It was voted 'slow.' There were not enough of players; and so now they were sitting on a cliff, and Mr. Antony was amusing himself by throwing down the stones and loose gravel which came within reach of his hand.

'Don't throw stones,' repeated Miss Rivers. 'Suppose any one were coming up; and you know it is forbidden too.'

'By order of the committee,' drawled Antony—'a set of sapient old women, no doubt; besides, I

should like to see any one coming up the bare rock underneath us.'

'It isn't bare: there's brake to cling to. Don't, Antony.'

'Some one is coming up,' said Ellinor, suddenly.

Antony peeped over the cliff, and drew back, with a pantomimic representation of being handcuffed.

'It's a bobby in disguise.'

The words were hardly spoken when the bobby in disguise leaped upon the cliff, and passed them; as he did so, taking a handkerchief from his cheek, down which a little spot of blood was trickling.

'It's the travelling photographer!' exclaimed Antony, aghast. 'I'm afraid I must have hit him; and he's out of sight now, so I can't apologize. How the fellow does haunt us! He's stopping at the "Queen's," do you know. Not so bad for a vagabond artist, is it?'

'What nonsense, Antony! as if you could possibly tell what he is.'

'Oh, he may be a great swell for anything I know,' said Mr. Rivers, carelessly. 'I wish I hadn't hit him. One wouldn't throw stones at an artist, knowingly.'

At this juncture Antony caught his cousin's eye, and felt uncomfortable. There was something sarcastic about the expression, he thought—something of amusement, and something of contempt. It was very hard upon him. He began to wonder what he had said or done now, that she was turning into ridicule. He put on an injured tone, and asked the question. Her answer only puzzled him still more as to the real subject of her amusement.

'What have you done?' repeated Ellinor. 'I was thinking about the travelling photographer, Antony. So he is stopping at the "Queen's"? What a reckless spendthrift he must be! But I think you often find it so amongst vagabond artists.'

'It's time to go home,' said Antony, not quite sure of his ground. 'Shall we go? I want to see about that piano.'

Mr. Trafford Carr had passed on, still with his handkerchief to his face. He did not bear malice about the little cut from Antony's luckless

stone: it had come from Ellinor's party, and she knew of it. It would hurt her more than it did himself. He was not precisely exulting in this thought, but under such circumstances as his it was only natural to like to obtain sympathy whenever and however he could get it from Ellinor. And the sharp little stone had stirred him up, and done him good; besides which, at the cost of the cut he had heard all about the practising, the choruses, 'Janet's Choice,' and Antony's missing cornet.

When Mr. Carr got as far as the cornet he made a sudden stop in his walk, and said, half aloud, 'I have it.' Yes, there could be no doubt about it. He had seen on the parade below a placard concerning an amateur concert for the benefit of a national school, or an infant school, or some school; he was not very clear what. And, of course, Ellinor was going to sing at this concert, with her cousins. For Mr. Carr had remembered all about these cousins by this time. Also, knowing that the rector's name was Rivers, he came very rapidly to the conclusion that there must be a relationship there also, by means of which Ellinor had been drawn into the concert affair. Mr. Carr was guilty of an exclamation not expressing pleasure. He vituperated amateurs, Mr. Antony Rivers in particular; not that he was jealous of Antony, or indeed of any one now; he had, he flattered himself, received a lesson sufficient to cure him of jealousy. But there would be so much practising together for the cousins; and Ellinor would play his accompaniments. He would be occupying the position which Mr. Carr himself ought to have held. Then, too, as he spoke of his cornet, no doubt he was a tenor, and tenors are so——

As a proof that he was no longer accessible to jealousy, or any such sudden passion as had been wont to master him, Mr. Carr thrust his hand into his pocket, took thence a letter, written with elaborate care that very morning; rent it into a hundred pieces, and then sat down on the hill side to tear them still smaller and grind them into the turf

with his heel. Perhaps he repented after it was done; perhaps he felt foolishly guilty: at any rate he started off down the hill to look at that placard again, and to secure for himself the very best seat that money could secure for the concert.

He would wait until that took place to form his decision. He should see her there, and according to his impression then, he would either fill up that empty envelope once more or else give her up and go away like a reasonable man.

CHAPTER V.

MR. CARR'S 'IMPRESSION.'

So he had settled it. And so when he took his seat in the concert-room, one of the first to arrive, there was about him an atmosphere of strung-up determination which did not harmonize amiss with his well-cut features and resolute forehead. In all the rustle of the assembling audience, the moving of seats, and mistakes respecting places, Mr. Carr remained motionless, with his head steadily turned towards the orchestra. Again, he meant that Ellinor should see him, and all his calculations hinged upon how she would look when she did see him. He did not reflect that he was in some sort acting the part of a persecutor; he remembered only that some time since he had been guilty of a piece of folly, to undo which no perseverance on his part could be too great. He reflected only that his happiness, and, as he persuaded himself by way of self-justification, Ellinor's also, depended upon the undoing of it.

He listened to the overture with desperate patience. *She* was not one of the performers therein, and he had not expected that she would be. Then there came a solo, also unimportant; afterwards the first chorus in the programme; and then amongst the light dresses that began to flutter into their places he saw one of white, with a dark-red rose looping it up.

Mr. Carr leaned forward a little. *She must see him. He must know whether the sight of him, suddenly, would yet affect her in any degree;*

if not, his case was hopeless. She was so far above him up there. It was so intolerable to look at her in her calm consciousness of the barrier that separated performers from listeners. This was not his Ellinor, but a new character, which stung him with a sense of overwhelming distance. Why, he was no nearer and no more to her than any one of the hundred and fifty people who sat so complacently looking at her. The thing was monstrous!

Something almost savage in the excited earnestness of his face must have struck Ellinor when she did see him; or else she was nervous, or not well, or the heat was too much for her; all which latter excuses were readily found for her by her coadjutors, one of whom turned round just in time to see her drop the music from her hands, and to be aware that instead of singing in public, Ellinor was about to faint.

There was a little commotion up there—not much; the sympathy of the audience was of course excited, and one gentleman only was so ill-mannered as to rise from his seat and leave the concert-room.

It was Mr. Trafford Carr; and he cared nothing at all for the disappearing glances that followed him to the door.

He had come out with some mad thought of rushing off to the green room, and claiming the right to help her. But he dared not do it, alone as he was. His face reddened at the thought of the probable rebuff which would reward him. Instead, he went to walk about in his thin boots on the beach, reviling himself in a torrent of self-reproach; repressing, at first, like a guilty man, the gleam of exultation which came with the thought that he had still power to move her—that she could not possibly be indifferent to him.

Then he saw people turn round after they had passed, to stare at him; and he took off his white gloves with a sensation of annoyance that he could not have the shore to himself. It was late enough—nearly nine: why didn't these people go home, and keep respectable, healthy hours; and what did it matter to any one if he chose

to walk in white gloves and thin boots? Something more important than such considerations occupied him. He had before his eyes perpetually, 'a white dress with a red rose in it, and a face which had grown as white as the dress at the sight of him. How could he do it? And what was to be done now? One thing was certain; he could not sleep another night, nor rest satisfied another hour without begging forgiveness for what he had done.

Mr. Carr looked back towards the concert-room, and reflected that the performance was not to be over until ten. There was plenty of time before him; so he went to his room at the 'Queen's,' and wrote a letter, the compilation of which took him pretty nearly three-quarters of an hour; and having despatched it, he returned to the parade, by this time nearly deserted. Mr. Carr didn't mind that; indeed it was so much the better, since it left him a clear view of all carriages passing from the concert-room down the parade.

And when the town clock had struck ten some few minutes there was a light in the drawing-room at Heidelberg House, and Mrs. Rivers was overwhelming her niece with inquiries and attentions.

'What's this?' exclaimed Mr. Antony. 'Miss Challis—why, it's for you, Ellinor.'

Ellinor took the note, and turned slightly away from her cousin as she read the address. There was no symptom of fainting this time; but if Mr. Carr had flattered himself that he could disguise his handwriting from her he was mistaken.

'Have you an envelope down here, Augusta?' said Ellinor. 'Give it me, please.'

Then she took up a pencil and wrote a few words on the unopened cover of Mr. Carr's note, put it in the envelope, fastened and addressed it.

'Ring the bell, please, Antony.'

Mr. Antony obeyed, thinking he had never seen his cousin look so downright handsome as she did to-night in the self-contained calmness with which she did all this.

'Let that be sent at once to the

address upon it,' said Ellinor, giving her note to the servant. Then, turning to leave the room, she added, to Mrs. Rivers: 'It is from some one I used to know, but whom I do not wish to know any longer.'

A very simple and easy way of settling the matter; but who was to know how often that very night she wished with all her heart she had not done it; wished for the letter back again; wanted to look at the handwriting again; to recal the rash words she had traced upon the envelope; to say something less bitter? And yet if the option had been before her the probability is that she would have done the very same thing again.

While she did it, Mr. Carr was wandering up and down outside, watching the shadows on the blinds; and it was not until these were gone and the room was dark, that he went back again to the Queen's and found upon his table the letter, which he opened eagerly. It contained, as we know, his own note, the seal never having been broken, but on the outside there were a few words in pencil.

'Your own will' separated us, and you know it. You told me with scant courtesy that you had been deceived in me, and that all communication between us had better cease. After that, the sort of persecution you are carrying on is unmanly and insolent. I shall not read your letter.—E. C.'

And Mr. Carr kissed the rod that smote him; that is to say, he put those scrawled pencil marks to his lips for the sake of the hand that wrote them.

CHAPTER VI.

A LUCKY SCAR.

He had nothing to do now but to pack up his belongings and go away. He was not in a very happy frame of mind. He shovelled his garments into the portmanteau, strapped, and locked it; but there was no hurry about the actual starting. It did not matter much what train he went by; it did not matter very much, he thought, what became

of him. For all that he ordered his portmanteau to be sent to the station in time for a certain train which he would meet; and then he caught up a waterproof cloak, reviling it for not having got itself put into the box with the other things; threw it over his arm and went out.

It was not a fashionable time of day for going out on the parade or on the beach; it was an hour when nursery-maids and children congregated thereon; the former to group together and embroider, and gossip under big umbrellas; the latter to carry on the great work of sand fortification, and to cry.

Mr. Carr's heart was bitter within him, and he felt towards these harmless little people an animosity quite unusual in him. A sudden hot gleam of sun striking upon his head, from beneath a cloud might have aggravated his bitterness, but there lay before him a glorious bay sleeping calmly under a stormy sky, which should have changed his mood and made him human; but whether he was then insensible to the influence of beauty or not, it is certain that he laughed a sardonic, noiseless laugh, when the big umbrella of a nursemaid escaped her and went skimming off to sea with all the graceful airiness of a conscious truant.

Mr. Carr walked down in the direction of the pier, and a boatman whom he knew touched a dissipated hat to him, and said something about the water. Mr. Carr bit at once. It was the very thing for him in his present state of mind; the harder the work the better. There was time for just an hour's pull out on the bay.

'All right, Merry!' he said, jumping in. Now Mr. Carr went at once to the stern of the boat, and leaning over, began to dabble in the water, with the thoughts that he could not get rid of revolving in his mind, and deadening all impression of the present; so that he did not observe a party of two ladies and a gentleman who were evidently making for the boat, with the shawls and cloaks supposed to be requisite on the water; nor could he divine by instinct that the boatman had not

given him any invitation to go on the water, but had indistinctly informed him that he himself was going out.

Neither did the party of three observe that the figure leaning over the boat-side was not an assistant sailor, until they had entered the boat, when Mr. Antony Rivers remarked in a low tone, 'I say, I told you we wanted to be private.'

The sailor scratched his head and didn't hear. It wasn't very likely he was going to reject Mr. Carr's additional fee, knowing, as he did, pretty well the state of that gentleman's purse.

'I thought it was one of your party, sir,' he stammered at last. 'Know the gentleman very well indeed.'

Mr. Antony, considering in his own mind as to the politest terms in which he could clothe his intimation to the gentleman that he was not wanted, took his oar just as Mr. Carr reared himself up and held out his hand for it, crying, 'Now then, slow coach!'

The two young men stared at each other in ludicrous amazement and uncertainty, for a moment. Then Trafford spoke.

'I'm sure I beg your pardon, heartily. I thought—that is—I fancied I was to take an oar, and I was speaking to Merry there, not to you.'

Antony stared a little longer and was convinced that the mistake had been real. And as Mr. Carr spoke, the mark of a slight cut on his cheek smote upon Mr. Antony's conscience, and drove away the polite dismissal he had been about to utter.

'I owe him something for that,' he thought. 'No, I won't turn him out; he shall come if he likes.'

And then in answer to Mr. Carr's speech he nodded good-humouredly.

'You can have your turn by-and-by, sir, if you like,' he said. 'I dare say I shall be glad of a rest, for I am not in good practice.'

It was not to be wondered at, perhaps, that Mr. Carr took his seat in a somewhat bewildered state of mind; nor that the time passed by rapidly, and he forgot all about the single hour which was all he had to spare. It was but a short time

since he struck his colours, as it were, and gave up his cause as lost. He never even looked at the windows of Heidelberg House, as he passed it on his way to the shore. And now by a wonderful fatality, as he called it, here was Ellinor actually sitting near to him, within at least an hour's reach of land, and still skimming away vigorously seaward. It was true that she never looked at him or showed any consciousness of his presence; but she was there, and she *was* conscious of it. She sat with one glove off, from time to time dipping her hand into the water as the boat cut through it. Mr. Carr saw, without seeming to look, that the hand was very thin, and there were no rings on it. He remembered that Ellinor had been fond of rings, and wondered. And then he thought that her hand had shrunk away from them, and a strange sensation rose in his throat as the question presented itself, Had *he* anything to do with this?

He called himself a conceited egotist for the thought; nevertheless, his resolution so lately formed began to waver. He saw now many allowances to be made for Ellinor. That she had returned his letter under an angry impulse was clear. He had done that which it is hard for a woman to forgive, namely, taken her by surprise and caused her to make a scene in public; and she was naturally angry. He had no plan in his head now, no idea what he was going to do; but he wished with all his heart that his companions might also forget the lapse of time as he had done, and go on, for ever he would have said perhaps, but that would have been an exaggeration.

All at once a brisk wind caught the cloak on his arm and flapped it, and as he looked up at the clouds, a spot of rain fell upon his face.

'A bit of a scud, perhaps?' said the sailor, in answer to Mr. Antony's inquiry. 'Nothing to hurt.'

But then he nodded towards a dark line of water, and said something about its being rough for the ladies, so the boat's head was turned to land, and Mr. Carr took his stipulated turn at the oar.

'You'll find it hard work,' said Mr. Antony. 'Harder to get back than it was to come out, for the wind's rising, and it's dead against us.'

He was right. Mr. Carr did find it hard work, and the boatman smiled a calm superior smile, as the work which scarcely heated him, began to tell upon the unpractised arms of the amateur. Mr. Carr changed again after an hour's work. By this time it had become, as the boatman predicted, rough for the ladies; the waves were high, and began to curl over white and angry at the edges; and they were still some distance from the shore.

Mr. Carr's spirits seemed to have risen with the rising turmoil of wind and wave. He did not at once resume his former seat. It is probable that he was calculating what would be the consequence if he dared to change it, as he stood steadying himself, and unconsciously winding again the paleot about his arm. The decision was made for him. Either catching his heel against something, or in a sudden pitch of the boat, he lost his balance, and fell heavily against the side. When he recovered himself, there was a gleam of satisfaction in his face, which Mr. Antony, if he had seen it, would have thought very wonderful as the result of a species of crab-catching.

In fact, Mr. Carr as he fell, had been conscious that the gloveless hand over the side caught hurriedly at the cloak round his arm as though to save him. He was no longer in a mood to weigh chances and consequences. He ran up his colours again boldly, and sat down beside Ellinor and opposite her cousin. Miss Rivers might see, perhaps, but she could not hear, and Trafford did not care: he was determined not to lose this last chance. The words which came most readily to his lips were, 'So you would save me yet, if I were drowning?' but prudent for once, he suppressed them. They might have displeased her. He bent forward to hide her as much as possible from the other occupants of the boat; but Mr. Antony was just then all attention to his stroke,

and Augusta was watching the distance diminish between the boat and the shore.

'Ellinor,' said Mr. Carr; 'have a little mercy, and tell me you sent that note back on the impulse of the moment. Won't you ever forgive me?'

It was the very best tone and sentence he could have used. Ellinor knew he must be very gravely in earnest before he would so speak.

'For anything you may have made me suffer,' she replied, 'I forgave you long ago.'

Mr. Carr did not quite like the answer. He waited a little to reflect upon the best thing to say next. And then he dashed reflection on one side as useless. If there was nothing else to help him, that wouldn't.

'It is my last chance,' he said, with reckless vehemence, 'and I can't stop to weigh words. You are very hard to me, Ellinor; you make forgiveness itself unmerciful. What use is it to say in that calm unconcern of yours, that you forgive me? I say, I want you to love me. Why, I would give my life for yours this moment. I am not jealous now; it is beaten out of me, and serve me right. But I want *you*, Ellinor, not your ghost who says so indifferently, "I have forgiven you, long ago." I want *you*, as you used to be. Can't you give me another chance?'

Ellinor put up her hand to stop him, for Augusta was looking at them with an expression of stupefied amazement. 'Don't talk to me any more now, Trafford.'

The next thing Mr. Antony Rivers saw, as he looked up, was the vagabond artist putting his waterproof cloak round Ellinor to keep off the spray.

CHAPTER VII.

A GOLDEN TIP.

'I say,' remarked Mr. Antony, standing in the hall with his hat on, 'Augusta, did you see what he gave old Merry?'

'No.'

'It was gold. I saw it glitter. I believe it was a sovereign.'

Miss Rivers laughed.

'You would have done the same, perhaps, under the circumstances.'

'Well, if I had been very flush. But,' said Antony, ruefully, 'the circumstances! Ah! you see he has cut me out.'

'Don't pretend, Tony.'

'But, Augusta, I really was getting fond of her. And then—the vagabond artist; think of it. What is to become of me? And the air with which she said to us, "This is Mr. Trafford Carr, the gentleman I spoke of last night." It was malicious in the extreme. She was thinking all the while what a state I should be in.'

'Don't flatter yourself.'

'And—I say, I cut his cheek.'

Again Miss Rivers laughed.

'He won't mind that. Didn't you tell me the sight of the little scar prevented your telling him the boat was engaged?'

'The very thing!' cried Antony. 'Can't you hint it to him?'

'Let us go up,' said Augusta. 'I am going to find mamma, and take her in to invite him for the evening.'

'In his damp coat,' muttered Antony. 'If I thought he wouldn't bear malice.'

Mr. Carr, however, cared nothing about his damp coat, and it was true that in his exultation he had given old Merry a golden fee, as in some sort an agent of the happiness which had come to him. He had been allowed to assist Ellinor from the boat, to the consternation of the cousins; and he could hardly restrain a shout of triumph, as he stood on the shore, with her hand on his arm. As to the once reviled paletot, it was

a wonderful agent; if Ellinor had not caught at it he might never have found courage to speak; and, besides, it had sheltered her.

Just now Ellinor's one hand was again on the sleeve of that same damp coat, and she was saying, with some hesitation, 'Trafford, we must make no mistake this time. Even now it would be better to separate if—'

Mr. Carr did not object to the hand on his sleeve; but he did object to the speech, and stopped it. He had a great deal to say on his own part; so much, that it was not all said when Mrs. Rivers came in, and asked him to have some tea; and he remembered all at once that his evening coat was in his portmanteau at the station.

'Never mind your coat,' blurted out Antony; 'that is, if it isn't wet. And look here, Mr. Carr; you're never going away to-morrow. Why, there's a grand bazaar going to happen, and the band of I don't know what regiment is to come. We'll send for your luggage. And then there's a glee party at the rectory. By the way, what are you?'

'Bass,' responded Trafford, laughing.

'Capital. Just what we want. Then you'll stay?'

'Well,' said Mr. Carr, with a side glance towards Ellinor, 'since my business has waited so long, it may wait a little longer. I am very much obliged to you all.'

'And I say, Mr. Carr,' said Antony, following him out into the hall at about ten o'clock, 'you don't bear malice about the little stone. It was lucky after all, wasn't it?'

HER FIRST SEASON.

AH, Lady Geraldine! soon the beginning
Of London Society you'll enter upon,
The lottery where all your compeers are winning,
Or trying to win, as mammas push them on,
A prize matrimonial, whose value is golden,
Whose acres are broad and from mortgages free;
For nowadays Hymen has lost all the olden
Simplicity, and loves the sign £. s. d.!

You'll have a long round of amusement before you,
 For we're coming, and swiftly, to April and May;
Soirées dansantes, grand dinners, and fêtes will not bore you
 As yet, for your life is a cloudless spring day.
 You think you love dearly the rose-trees and fountains
 Of the quaint old wide garden that shuts in your home,
 And the sight of the dun distant purple-clad mountains,
 So that to our Babylon you'd never roam.

You're young, Lady Geraldine; and when the vision
 Of your first London Season comes over my mind,
 I cannot but smile *tant peu soit* in derision,
 As I think of the triumph that a twelvemonth will find.
 Why think of your triumphs—your leading the fashion
 In laces and diamonds and rarest pink pearls,
 When, instead of these roses—don't fly in a passion—
 The bright gems are twined in those exquisite curls.

Nous aurions changé I think in September,
 When you leave town for rest in the dull rural scene,
 I wonder—I wonder—if you will remember
 The wild surging love whose day-star you have been.
 I mix jest and earnest, as those must who knowing
 What life is, know also how often sweet truth
 In a few months will vanish—ay, only bestowing
 A faded dream for the dear hopes of our youth.

You think I am bitter. I've known hearts broken,
 Lady Geraldine, where every promise was fair;
 Where there lacked not the greatest or smallest true token
 Of affection—and yet it has come to despair.
 Despair, Lady Geraldine, to the man bringing
 The hopes and the strength of his manhood to meet;
 The woman's cruel hauteur, which carelessly flinging
 His idolatry off, spurned him when at her feet.

A thousand apologies. Really I'm blushing
 To have been so ill-bred as to rudely speak thus:
 No doubt London Society is priceless for crushing
 Foolish feelings—sometimes strongly looked at by *us*.
 You all are trained better. A fortunate marriage
 Has many a *sine quâ non*—large estates—
 Broad acres—an opera-box—horses and carriage—
 Free access to balls, levées, dinners, and fêtes.

And then you can lead a most brilliant existence,
 A whirl of excitement unchecked day by day;
 Such low things as constancy put in the distance,
 Some men are so *bête*, and talk in a dull way.

What, Lady Geraldine! have I offended?
 I but picture a future that's common, you know:
 Most *demoiselles* think such a prospect is splendid—
 Ah, my darling, I've done if the tears are to flow.

That 'one touch of nature' has made you yet dearer,
 Be assured, pet, I never was thinking of you;
 Let that knowledge make the sky now become clearer,
 'Twas a picture of others, my own, that I drew.
 I do believe *you*; and come fortune or sorrow,
 Be my fate doomed to sink into darkness or rise,
 Whate'er be the hue of the dawning to-morrow,
 I shall read steadfast love in those sweet violet eyes!

W. R.

AUTUMN GOSSIP.



F all the four seasons, autumn perhaps varies the most in different countries and latitudes. Spring everywhere presents nearly the same characteristics; whether it comes as a sudden burst or a gradual change, it is still the grand *crescendo* of the year, diversified by violent contrasts—by hot sunshine, and cold, piercing winds, by drought and dust followed by heavy showers. Summer, to continue our musical metaphor, is everywhere the *forte* portion of the twelvemonth—it may be *fortissimo* or *fff*, or it may manifest only a feeble strength, *mezzo-forte*, a period of tragical mirth, in which the sun puts on a sickly smile, only half visible through mists and drizzling rain. But in all cases the year does its best in summer to be genial,

merry, and energetic; and all countries have a summer, such as it is.

In countries where there is no winter, we cannot compare it with other winters; and in climates like that of the Mediterranean coasts, where autumn insensibly glides into spring, with no intervening frosts and scarcely a flake of snow, it may be fairly said there is no real winter. The varieties of winter are few. Where there is winter it is of two sorts only—a wet, mild winter, proverbially making a full churchyard; and a sharp, dry winter, with continued frost: that is all the wintry variety we have; for when once the thermometer is below freezing-point, what difference does it make to us in the outward appearance of nature—although it may make a difference to our gardens, and sometimes to our ears and noses—how many degrees lower it falls? Ice is still ice, and snow still snow (more sand-like, perhaps, and finer, the colder it is) both at *plus* 30° Fahr., and at *minus* 30°; that is, throughout the pretty little range of 60°, or more if you like.

Autumn may be either a prolonged *sostenuto*, continuing summer a month or two longer in nearly its original richness and beauty, or a sudden pause; a bar of silence interrupting a lovely strain, and changing its key, time, and measure; a dead stop put on the warmth that reaches us; a sharp pull up, if not of the sun's chariot, certainly of the sun's calorific rays. The first kind of autumn may be especially enjoyed and luxuriated in, in those earthly paradises, the Swiss-Italian lakes, and in certain portions of the coasts of France, Spain, and Italy—certain portions, we cautiously state, because in other certain portions autumnal enjoyment is spoiled by mosquitoes, bad smells, heavy night-fogs, and fever-breeding malaria. Bugs should also be honoured with a place on the list of drawbacks from a Mediterranean autumn; but when a house is not thoroughly infested, as in the walls and ceilings, they may be kept in check by iron bedsteads, and temporarily defied by dropping five drops of essential oil of lavender on your lower sheet, one in the middle, and one at each corner. But beds are not the only autumnal haunts of the *Cimex lectularius*. You may pick up its chance acquaintance in a Venetian gondola, as well as in a Neapolitan hackney-coach.

The abrupt, parish-constable-like form of autumn, which arrests summer, puts fine weather into the stocks, and claps an extinguisher on the

sun, may be suffered in the north of North America, and in Russia, where summer goes in a day, and winter comes. You may cross a river in a boat at night, and walk back on the ice in the morning. Thin linen habiliments may be worn on Monday, and on Tuesday the reign of furs may begin. To-day all sorts of carriages run on wheels; to-morrow, wheels are absurd and impossible—snow has fallen all the night, and vehicles must slide on sledges. In one week, Cronstadt is reached by steamers; in the course of the next, you cross the same water with three horses before you. Instead of the lingering, dallying pleasures of autumn, wherein you toy with the moderated sunshine, and taste and smell the last fruits and flowers, reluctant to give them up, you are treated to a pantomime-trick, a very ill-natured one, which snatches your nosegay out of your hand, and gives you a ducking in a frozen pond. It is worse than cold pig on a Sunday morning, when you are prolonging pleasant dreams a little too late.

What becomes of garden produce under such a crushing catastrophe? The last (probably China) rose of summer does not, as in more favoured climes, remain on the bough until it is the first rose of spring. All vegetables are cooked, done brown, not by fire and water, but by frost. 'No greens, sir, to-day,' says the straitened housekeeper. A few savoy and roots are stored in frost-proof cellars, but they have not the flavour of an early York cabbage. Hence the contrivances of sour krout, salted cucumbers, dried peas, and artichoke bottoms—vegetables in name, flavourless shadows of a succulent substance, the body and the form without the essence and the spirit. Gastronomically, as well as atmospherically, an English winter is more luxurious than a Russian autumn.

Our own autumn lies between the two extremes of late superabundance and early scarcity—of sudden assault and slow approach. As autumn varies greatly all over the globe, so our own autumns vary one from the other. As the gifts of autumn are the results of summer, so, speaking

generally, British autumns would be even more liberal and lavish of gifts than they are if British summers were longer and hotter. Rarely do they raise us to the dignity of a wine-making people, as Dr. Johnson assumed, with poetical licence, when in search of consolation for the loss of fine weather:—

'What bliss to life can autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phoebus fall?

Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love and mirth of mighty power.

'Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo, shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,—

For the missing line we substitute—

'What will testotal readers say?

Spenser is truer to our native nature—

Then came the autumns, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his piteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banish'd Hunger, which to-fire
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore.
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroll'd
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits, the which the Earth
had yold.'

What our autumnal weather is to be, whether fair or foul, depends upon the same incalculable causes which prevent our predicting with certainty whether it will rain or not this day three weeks. As a rule, our autumns may be expected to be fine, upon the whole. An equinoctial gale is only a brief interruption of the general serenity; it is nothing more than the passing breeze to which the best-regulated domestic circle is liable. October is frequently a delicious month, exhilarating, fresh, and not too cold. On the Continent, the pleasures and plenty of the vintage mostly fall due in the beginning of that month. For Switzerland and the Alps, the 'Practical Guide' tells us, October is supereminently the best month—*experto crede*. A few wet days towards the end of September are usually suc-

ceeded by a lease of glorious weather, fresh, genial temperature, appetising, strengthening air for walking in, days long enough for rational distances, autumnal tints superb, sunrises and sunsets incomparable, fewer tourists, ampler accommodation and attention, and lower prices. An infatuation possesses the world, which causes it to run home with the last clouds of September. In the country, November vouchsafes us many pleasant days, although fog and smoke give it a bad name in London; but local conditions of the atmosphere ought not to be laid to the fault of the season. December, too, gives many cheerful, outdoor hours between eight in the morning and four in the afternoon.

A French savant, M. Matthieu (de la Drôme), has been lately trying his hand at weather-prophecy, professing to take a longer range than is attempted by our own gallant admiral of the weather. He asserts that he can calculate the weather a long while beforehand, for Geneva. It follows that, if it be possible to do so for that republic (although so tiny that the whole of it was dusted when Voltaire shook his wig), it is likewise possible for any other region of the globe. His theory and his rules have received hard knocks from Le Verrier, the astronomer. Moreover, although, like Murphy, he has made some lucky hits, his prophecies have not all come true.

Still, multitudinous minor prognostics of the weather find ready and undoubting believers. A philosopher was strolling in the fields, studying an open book. 'That gentleman's book will be wet before he gets back,' said a shepherd, who saw him pass. 'Why do you think so?' 'I don't think so; I know it.'—'But why?' 'Why? The cows are sticking their noses in the hedge.' Old experience lays down sundry wise saws. When the stars look larger than ordinary, it is a sign of change of weather. Very bright or double rainbows indicate long-continued rain; the same when the rain smokes as it falls on the ground. Lightning in winter is a sign of coming snow, wind, or tempest. Bats flying about in unusual num-

bers announce that the next day will be warm and fine. Flies bite sharper and tease you more before a tempest. When the gnats dance in the setting sunshine, some hold it a sign of fine weather *to-morrow*, while sceptics declare that it is only a sign of fine weather *to-day*. If it rains on the 3rd of May there will be no walnuts; if on the 15th of June, no grapes. Plenty of snow precedes an abundant year; plenty of rain, the contrary. A rainy autumn spoils the wine of that year, and threatens a poor crop of wheat next year. A fine autumn is mostly followed by a windy winter; a wet spring and summer by a fine autumn. On the other hand, when the autumn is fine, the following spring is apt to be rainy.

The English autumn, paradoxically but practically, often includes a couple of summers—St. Michael's and St. Martin's summers; the latter, especially, all the more delightful, as being the farewell embrace of a cherished friend who is about to depart for a six-months' absence.

'Like sunset gleams, that linger late.'

While all is dark'ning fast,
Are hours like these we snatch from fate,
The brightest—and the last.'

Whose memory does not associate the annual roast goose, first instituted by Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort, on Michaelmas Day, with columns of gnats dancing in the sunny air, and calm, cloudless weather, suited for apple gathering? Who can taste a fresh-caught Yarmouth herring, 'y' which doth come from y' deepe waters nigh unto y' shore, when Michaelmas-tide approacheth, without beholding, even were he confined to his chamber, the sea spread out like an azure mirror, with its horizon extended, by mirage, for leagues; the children playing on the warm, sandy shore, and the groups of brown-faced, lounging beachmen, who have nothing better to do in such splendid weather than to take pleasure-parties to the Scroby Sands, but some of whom have saved as many lives as they have fingers and toes on their hands and feet? Who has not basked in the spell of sunshine which bursts out on about the

11th of November, the feast of the benevolent St. Martin, who shared his cloak with an ill-clad soldier, and who rewarded good children by miraculously changing his donkey's droppings into real gingerbread-nuts.* The robin singing his autumnal song—more plaintive and sweeter than his summer lay; the dusty lane sprinkled with fallen leaves; the bright-red berries of the hawthorn and the holly; the blue sky reflected by the bluer brook; the threads of gossamer floating in the air, or streaming across the grass from blade to blade; the blushing orchard; the bending branches laden with green bullaces or purple damsons; the gardener and the farmer hastening to plant and care for their spring and their winter crops, by making the most of a shortened day, are prominent details of the picture representing St. Martin's summer in the country.

Man has also his St. Martin's summer, both morally and physically. There is a green middle age, a sunshiny decline, a youthful way of growing old, which is greatly to be envied. Nor is it the indolent and do-nothing who succeed in retaining the freshness and vigour of youth, after acquiring the knowledge and experience of manhood. Both the mind and the body fade, in idleness, like flowers unrefreshed by air and rain; they rust and lose their elasticity, for want of proper exercise. The busiest men—provided they are not too busy and broken down with toil—ever remain the youngest men. If unattacked by disease or accident they may live on, unconscious of their accumulated birthdays, and may fancy they are still in summer, long after they have passed their autumnal equinox. We may live and learn, and ride hobbyhorses, too, even unto the close of our days. Happy, thrice happy, are those who can do so. May we all, then, remain young, at least in spirit, to the last; and, above all, may we never grow grumpy!

Astronomically, autumn commences this year, for us, at sixteen minutes past one in the afternoon

* Legendary.

of Wednesday, September 23rd. Practically, it begins with the first grand drop in temperature which is sure to occur some time in October. The fall of the leaf, so popular and proverbial an emblem, is no real or infallible sign of autumn. The leaves of some deciduous trees—of the lime and the horse-chestnut for instance—fall before it comes; those of others, as of the oak and beech, especially when young, remain hanging on after autumn is past; whilst on not a few evergreens the leaves hold tight to their branch throughout a whole twelve-month, and longer. Autumn, likewise, begins on the day when the sun's meridian distance from the zenith, after growing gradually greater and greater, is at the exact mean between his least and his greatest distances from that point. During autumn, the days are always on the decrease, and always shorter than the nights, *except* the first day, which is the day of the autumnal equinox, the day and the night being then equal. The autumnal signs of the zodiac are the Scales, the Scorpion, and the Archer. The word autumn does not spring from any root in either the Greek or the German languages. Etymologists fetch the word so far as to derive it from the Latin *augere*, to increase, to enrich, because the earth then enriches us with her fruits. Autumnus is short for auctumnus; *auctus* is the passive participle of *augere*; and the derivation, consequently, as clear as daylight. As the Anglo-Saxons reckoned by winters, so divers nations have counted the years by autumns. Tacitus states that the ancient Germans were acquainted with all the seasons of the year except autumn, of which they had not the slightest idea—which simply means that they knew nothing of the delights of a Roman autumn.

Cruel deeds are perpetrated in France (also in Spain and Portugal) sometime in autumn. A popular conspiracy is annually got up, to misuse a certain individual, one Jean Raisin. All summer long, he is well fed and tenderly cared for, to blind him to his coming fate.

At a secret council, the day is fixed when his public torments are to begin. His blushing honours, his glowing decorations, are then torn from him, or slashed away with knives, if the hard hands of rustics do not suffice. He is carried away to a gloomy prison, kept sweltering several days in a narrow dungeon, with more companions in misery than there is room for without crowding. No one pities his bruises and beatings; no one thinks of helping him out of his misery; on the contrary, it is a subject of merriment. And then they put him, not on, but under the rack. Sometimes he is crushed beneath a wooden press; frequently, he is trampled and squeezed to a pulp by the naked feet of half-tipsy men. In spite of all their care to prevent it, the floors and the walls are scattered with his gore. The atmosphere reeks with the steam and the smell of it. The actors of the drama become excited, until it has almost the air of an orgie. Finally, with Gallic levity, having cruelly martyred Jean Raisin, they convert him into an idol, a sort of demigod, singing songs in his honour, and dancing dances under his inspiration.

Something of the kind occurs with us. The mighty of the land take it into their heads to aver that poor John Barleycorn shall die. They then take a plough and plough him down; put clods upon his head; and then they swear a solemn oath John Barleycorn is dead. But cheerful spring comes kindly on, and showers begin to fall; John Barleycorn gets up again, and sore surprises all. When sober autumn enters mild, he grows both wan and pale; his bending joints and drooping head show he begins to fail. John Barleycorn was sure a wight of noble enterprise; for if you do but taste his blood, 't will make your courage rise.'

'Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand,
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fall throughout the land'

Burns will not be speedily forgotten; but how few remember

that John Philips wrote, in Miltonian verse, a poem in two books for the glorification of the juice of the apple?

We all know by heart 'The Seasons' of Thomson, who, like many other poets and prophets, is held in higher esteem abroad than at home, in spite of his pleasing train of thought and mellifluous facility of unrhymed verse. A rival seasonal bard once flourished in the person of Charles François de Saint-Lambert, born at Nancy, in 1717. At the court of Stanislaus, King of Poland, he met Voltaire, who infected him with the passion of versification. In his early youth, he conceived the plan of a didactic poem; and in 1769, 'Les Saisons' appeared, after being heralded by 'Morning' and 'Evening.' He had the good luck to escape the revolutionary scythe, and died in February, 1803. Saint-Lambert is far from equalling Thomson. As a specimen, take this, translated from 'L'Automne,' giving the original the benefit of any doubt.

'Let sloth give way to manly exercise;
Let labour mingle with our daily joys;
Fatigue will cure the weariness of rest,
Now, on the denizens of earth, and air,
And water, wage we war; Autumn commands,
With mimic thunder arm'd, at break of day,
A modern Salmones, I await
The hare, the graceful roebuck; or I track
The straggling partridge o'er the stabbly field.'

Several sayings, apocryphal it may be, relating to autumn, are attributed to the sages of antiquity. Diogenes, the cynic, referring to autumnal hydrophobia, declared that if you want to drown your dog, you have only to give out that he is mad.

Democritus found the laughing hyena the most sympathetic creature at this time of year, while Heraclitus was deeply touched with the pensive attitude of the weeping willow. The Academicians held that birch is now at its highest perfection. 'Only try it,' they said, 'and you will see that it renders Plato intelligible, and Aristotle easy.' Socrates compared his wife, Xanthippe, to an autumnal squall in the Ægean Sea, as being short and sharp, little and loud, a good blow-

up, very polyphloisboio. Aspasia invented the word 'autumnality,' to express gently and genteelly the condition of persons of a certain age. Hippocrates advised young ladies, in autumn, not to indulge in too many raw apples, unless reduced to pulp with an apple-scoop. Celsus considered, from the 1st of November, one glass of whiskey-toddy an excellent nightcap; two, as apt to make you oversleep yourself; three, as tending to morning headache; four, productive of red and watery eyes; five, the parents of pimples and polypus; six, a step towards delirium tremens.

Tertullian calls autumn *tentator valetudinum*; trying to the health. Horace speaks of *Autumnus Libitinae questus acerbas*; autumn profitable to the cruel goddess of funerals: Medical men greatly shorten the signification of the season, restricting it to the brief interval between hot weather and the first approach of cold. The coolness of the nights, the dampness of the evenings, the frequent alternation of rain and mist, with heat and tempest, the variety and abundance of fruit, render autumn apt to be unhealthy. But it costs no more to take care of yourself now than at any other time of the year. Put on your flannels instantly, if you have imprudently doffed them in summer. Keep good fires; which does not mean big ones, but plenty of them, and steadily kept up. Amongst other things to be done in autumn, may be mentioned, brew your beer; one condition of producing which good is, not to be afraid of using malt and hops. Bottle your wine, plant your cabbages, and, above all, pay your quarter's bills.

Finally, one autumnal duty of man is not only to get fat himself, but to enable others to get fat also;—to live, and let live, in short. All nature sets him the example. At

this season, flesh is fat, and fowl are fat; the very fish in the sea, the silver-scaled herring and the shining sprat, are fat. All game—except those which, like the hare, are condemned to perennial leanness—are fat. The ortolan can hardly fly, from obesity; the quail bursts its skin as it falls, shot, to the ground; the kitchenmaid wails because the pheasant won't bear plucking. The bear and other hibernating animals lay in, and on them, the store of fat which is to serve them for coals and candles throughout the winter. The very vegetables manifest a tendency to fat; the potato prepares her fattening starch; the carrot and the parsnip mature their fattening sugar; the walnut and the filbert develop their oil. Plants which look lank and lean above ground, are in all the better plight at root. The beehive is well-filled and heavy; the dairy is garnished with oleaginous extracts; the kitchen is hung with bacon and ham. The human frame likewise should assume a respectable pinguetude, under pain of being condemned to cod-liver oil.

To get fat in autumn, now, is merely a prudent precaution. Certainly, it is the best hare-skin, chest-plaister, comforter, and respirator, which we can put on. Nevertheless, in these days, we can have fat fresh meat, all winter through, with its appropriate garnish of vegetables. In the good old times, before turnips were invented, as soon as winter set in, you could find no unsalted flesh except what you carried on your own bones. Corned beef and pickled pork are excellent; but it is hard to have to eat them, and nothing else, for months and months consecutively. Happily, the progress of agriculture has erased 'Slaughter-month' from our calendar, as a synonym of November.





Drawn by G. J. Pinwell.

WOLSEY'S ESTIMATE OF THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

[See "Passages from the Family History of the English Aristocracy."



Illustrated by H. J. P. Gould

WU-KANG REPRISAL OF THE FRENCH CHARACTER

(The "Penguin" from the "Penguin" Bakery at the English Academy)

PASSAGES FROM THE FAMILY HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

I.—THE CAVENDISHES.

IT was in the summer of 1586 that three gallant vessels left the harbour of Plymouth. A July day had been selected for the commencement of an adventurous voyage as ever marked the most enterprising period of English history—the reign of Elizabeth. First, the ‘*Desire*,’ a new ship of 120 tons, spread her sails; next came the ‘*Content*,’ a barque of 60 tons; lastly, the ‘*Hugh Gallant*,’ of 40 tons; and with this little fleet, containing about 123 persons—counting every one—high deeds were to be performed. The young admiral, delicate in form, *point de vice* in dress, looked far more fitted to dance a measure than to sail against the ‘*Spaniard*,’ for the ‘*Spaniard*’ was the arch-foe of that day in England. He had, indeed, been hitherto a complete carpet-knight; and following out the amusements and observances of court life, had impaired a fortune which he was now going, he believed, to retrieve: no way so certain as to attack—with-out costing the Queen anything—her Majesty’s enemies: no way so certain, he expected, in all the excitability of his sanguine nature, as to issue forth on the great main, and trust to fortune to let him have some Spanish galleon for his prize, full of Spanish gold. Such, in those days, was the mariner’s dream.

Yet that very fine gentleman in his laced suit, who stood on the deck of the ‘*Desire*,’ and listened with throbbing heart to the salute from the Plymouth batteries, had had no nautical education. Thomas Candish, Caundish, or Cavendish, was the son of a Suffolk squire, and had succeeded to his father’s fine property at Trimley, in that county, and had soon consumed it in ‘*gallantry*,’—which word I take to signify not anything desperately wild, but all sorts of show, extravagance, and hospitality. And now he undertook this voyage upon the strength of his general education, as

Raleigh had done, taking with him an able captain or two to do the practical work of the voyage.

Away he sails: the ships are provided with necessaries sufficient for two years, and all at his cost. And ‘*Weel betide him*.’

Who, as he tackles about in yon summer seas—who, may we not ask, are the Cavendishes? And how has this name, so beloved, so honoured in our land, come amongst us? Wherever sprang a lineage so ancient, and so prosperous, and so noble? Among the followers of William the Conqueror, Robert de Gernon was one of the fortunate knights who obtained the hand of an heiress in marriage. It was in the reign of Edward the Second he espoused (to speak in heraldic strain) the daughter of John Potton, Lord of Cavendish in Suffolk, and by her had four sons, who all took the name of Cavendish; and from him was descended William Cavendish, the famous navigator and the admiral of this adventurous fleet.

Already had the young spendthrift lived his life, for he had come into his estates—Trimley, St. Martin, Grimsten, Skatten, and other manors—when a minor; and now, having deeply encumbered all his property, he was glad to seek his fortunes far beyond seas.

Let us follow his course but for a while; for that which excited the wonderment of the world in those days is but an everyday story in ours; and the discoveries of Cavendish the navigator are out of print, as it were, in the nautical world.

He made for Sierra Leone. What an untracked mass of pestilence must that region then have been! Cavendish, however, did not tempt his destiny by staying long: only long enough to burn some houses, and to do much harm. The negroes fled to the woods, and, flying, discharged their famous poisoned arrows, and severely injured their

invaders. Away sailed our eager young admiral for the Straits of Magellan, which, though but ninety leagues in length, it took him nearly six weeks to pass. Thus beginning, Thomas Cavendish made the second voyage that had ever been made by an Englishman round the world. From February, 1587, to November in the same year, he ravaged the coasts of Chili, Peru, and New Spain. He who had been obliged by necessity to take to this adventurous life, attacked forts, slaughtered Spaniards by the score, reduced towns to ashes, and captured ships. Cavendish, in his pinnace, led the way to conquest, and many a triumphant engagement crowned his valour with success, and enriched his treasury. Two years, one month, and nineteen days were passed in this memorable voyage. At the expiration of that time the gay young admiral, sun-burnt, no doubt, and somewhat careworn, came back home. The Plymouth harbour again received his little squadron; and triumphant must have been that entrance, even though a storm, just as the fleet neared the shore, had carried off most of the sails. Fortune, meantime, had been benignantly raising other members of the Cavendish family in their ascent to fame and honours.

I wish no enemy a more complicated task than that of unravelling the relationships of the Cavendishes. Some ancient lady of that house, at her spinning-wheel, had them, no doubt, at her fingers' ends—how all sprang from that John, that Roger, that Stephen, and Richard, who gave up the name of de Gernon, and took that of Caundish, or Candish, or Cavendish; how John begat John, who was knighted for killing Wat Tyler (poor Wat Tyler!); and how, in good time, William, the faithful servant of Wolsey, inherited all the estates of the family. There are so many Williams, and so many Thomases, and so many Johns in this lineage, that we wish the heralds' joy of them, and are not surprised to know that there is a certain work styled 'Who wrote Cavendish's Wolsey?' for by our troth it is not very easy to answer the question. But

whilst Thomas was sailing round the world, and slaughtering savages, and cajoling Indian caciques, a younger and more flourishing scion of his parent stock was preparing, by a liberal education, to be one of those 'Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease.' He was still a young man, that William Cavendish, when the luckless Thomas resolved to make a second voyage (*woe's me!*) in order to follow up the great success of the first. Thomas was evidently one of those men who did not 'leave well alone,'—one of the greatest imaginable mistakes in life. Besides, a taste for gain, to say nothing of the spirit of adventure born with Englishmen, prompted him to his last fatal enterprise.

Whilst his cousin William was in training for the court, Thomas Cavendish, therefore, was sailing again out of Plymouth harbour, this time with three tall ships and three barques, and steering for the Canary Islands.

And now a series of misfortunes accompanied the admiral wheresoever he went, and left him not, until he died. First, under the equinoctial line, he was becalmed for seven-and-twenty days together: not a breath of wind to swell his sails. Then the men fell sick of the scurvy. Next, though they found some plunder at Placentia, in Brazil, the sailors began to quarrel. They made for St. Sebastian, and, with twenty-three men only, took the town whilst the people were at mass; but they stayed too long there, and the crews became disorganized. Onward they went towards Magellan, but storms, which damaged the ships, retarded them. They put into Port Desire, so named by Cavendish in his first voyage, to recruit, and then set sail again. And now comes the terrible part of this sad history. In March they doubled Cape Forward, and here were obliged, for the preservation of their lives, to land and remain, for their vessels were again damaged by storms. They lay at anchor in a small bay; famine and cold began to thin the crews, yet Cavendish resolved to thin them still more; and forty-four sick men were put

on shore, where they miserably perished from cold and hunger.

After this all went wrong. Better to have trusted all to Providence than to have committed an act like that; and never was it forgiven by the poor mariners who saw their comrades thus abandoned, to say nothing of the judgments of a Higher Power and the stings of conscience. About forty-seven or fifty men alone remained in the fleet; and now Cavendish became impatient to depart. He had contemplated a voyage to China: this he was now constrained to surrender—at least, the passage through the Straits of Magellan; and he therefore complied with the wishes of his men, and returned to Brazil. His men had suffered incredible hardships at St Sebastian, and were now far from being in a state for further adventures. Often did they fight for their victuals, as if, said one of the company, they had been no Christians, but Jews; whilst those who got the best used to retreat into some wilderness, sit down under a tree, and stay there till meat and drink were consumed.

And now, with the same run of ill-luck against him, Cavendish departed for the Straits of Magellan; but though, as the ill-fated admiral himself relates, the voyage, only six hundred leagues in length, was generally accomplished in twenty or thirty days, it took him four months to complete it. 'Such,' he says, 'was the adverseness of our fortunes, that in coming thither we spent the summer, and found in the Straits the beginning of a most extreme winter, not durable [endurable] for Christians.'

Nothing, indeed, could justify the conduct of Cavendish, except what he himself states, namely, that, 'even during the month of May, there was nothing but such flights of snow, and extremities of frost, as, in all the time of my life I never saw anything to compare to.' Alas! the sufferings of those whom he put on shore must soon have been terminated.

He pursued his voyage to Brazil; and now Destiny plainly showed her aim. First, the 'Desire' and the 'Black

Pinnacle' left him. The captain of the 'Desire,' John Davis, was, he declared, the author of all his calamities. Of the fatal voyage Cavendish thus writes:—

'And now, to come to that villain that hath been the doer of me, and the decay of the whole action; I mean Davis, whose only treachery in running from me hath been the utter ruin of all. As I since understood, Davis his intention was ever to run away. This is God's will, that I should put him in trust that should be the end of my life, and the decay of the whole action. For had not these two small ships parted from us, we would not have miscarried on the coast of Brazil; for the only decay of us was, that we could not get into their barred harbours. The short of all this is, Davis his only intent was to overthrow me, which he hath well performed.'

He was joined by the 'Roebuck'; and he might, perhaps, have retrieved his fortunes, but the daring man again committed an error. He attacked Spirito Santo; was unsuccessful; then the 'Roebuck' left him furtively in the night, taking also all his surgeons. His ship was full of the sick and wounded: in an agony he writes:—

'These villains, having left in mine own ship all their hurt men, and having aboard of them both my surgeons, I having not one in mine own ship which knew how to lay a plaister to a wound, much less to cure any by salves, and having, further, in their ships three times the proportion of my victuals, I leave you to consider of this pact of theirs, and the miserable case I was left in.'

Fain would he have sailed again for Magellan; for his brave, breaking heart was undaunted. But his mutinous crew insisted on his returning to England. The very thought of doing so was shame and agony to him. 'I desired,' he wrote, 'rather to die in going forward than basely in returning back again.' But he was no longer master of his own actions: several attempts did he make to approach the island of St. Helena; but home! home! was still the cry of his sailors. But

'home' was no home to the broken-spirited navigator.

A mystery hangs over the place and time of his death. He came as far as eight degrees northern latitude in his way to his native shore; but here the tale of this brave Cavendish abruptly ends. Let us close it with his own most touching words in the last letter that he wrote. It is addressed to Sir Tristram Gorges, his executor, but when written, or how sent to England, does not appear. One thing was evident, that the mind that dictated it was still vigorous; but the hand that penned it was wasted and feeble.

'Most loving friend,' it begins, 'there is nothing in this world that makes a truer triall of friendship than, at death, to shew mindfulness of love and friendship, which now you shall make a perfect experience of, desiring you to hold my love as deare, dying poore, as if I had been infinitely rich. The successe of this most unfortunate action, the bitter torments whereof I ye so heavie upon mee, as with much paine am I able to write these few lines, still lesse to make discoverie to you of all the adverse haps that have befallen me in this voyage—the least whereof is my death.'

Who would recognize in these touching lines the once *débonnaire*, popular Cavendish? What a tale he tells as he proceeds!

'But now,' he continues, 'I am grown so weake and faint as I am scarce able to hold the penne in my hand; wherefore I must leave you to inquire of the rest of our most unhappy proceedings; and now, by this, what with griefe for him' (his cousin, John Locke), 'and the continual trouble I endured among such hell-hounds' (the ship's crew), 'my spirits were cleane spent—wishing myself in any desert place in the world, there to dye, rather than basely to returne.'

Embedded with these feelings, Cavendish, he says, would have followed out this course could he have found an island—'which the charts make to be eight degrees to the southward of the line.' He sought it with all diligence, in hopes

there to have ended his unfortunate life. 'But God suffered not such happiness to light upon me; for I could by no meanes find it' (the island); 'so, as I was forced to go towards England, and having gotten eight degrees by north the line, I lost my most dearest cousin.' Then he adds, 'Beare with this scribbling; for I protest I am scant able to hold a penne in my hand.'

Thus passed away a brave man, of whom it was remarked that 'No man ever compassed the globe in so little time as he did: no man ever did greater things abroad, and returned to his country in greater pomp and triumph, than he did,' after his first voyage.

The admiral's cousin had exhibited to the admiring world the success which prudence and fidelity, patience, and all the host of virtues tend to insure. Doubtless, many a domestic lecture pointed the moral of these two careers. Thomas, the spendthrift, driven to foreign enterprise, and dying broken-hearted, a ruined penitent. William, the virtuous, early provided for, not only by a settlement on him of certain lands by his father, but—a far more secure provision—an establishment in the household of the all-powerful Wolsey. Thomas, the bachelor, never able to form even one *parti*. William, the connubial, marrying three times: twice, worthily and reputably, and the last time, magnificently—as those who know the life and actions of Bess of Hardwick, his third spouse, could amply testify.

William Cavendish was in good training for the subjection due to so imperious a lady as this same third wife, Bess of Hardwick. What would our young nobility, or our young commoners, think now-a-days if they were sent to study manners, and to wait at table in the houses of some nobleman high in royal favour, or of some prelate? say, for instance, if an earl were to request, as an immense favour, that Lord Palmerston would allow his eldest son to bed and board at Broadlands, to wait on his lordship on all state occasions; to be his cupbearer at dinner—his equerry

and page in one; to hold his lordship's great-coat for him—intensely gratified with the honour, nevertheless; and to stand outside the drawing-room door, with my lord's hat ready brushed, like a valet?

Yet, in the early days of the Cavendishes, and down almost to the Revolution of 1688, a nobleman, not possessed of political patronage, would have thought himself fortunate to have achieved such a point with the then Lord Keeper, or Lord Chamberlain. Our youth have now as much discipline at college as their modern notions can stand. How would a young sprig of aristocracy look at his father if, on leaving the delights of Peckwater quad, or Merton, the excellent parent sent for him, and said: 'Ernest,' or 'Cecil,' or 'Reginald' (we have few Johns and Richards now—few of these honest old standard English names; nay, the Ernests, and Cecils, and Reginalds are coming down to our shopkeepers now)—'Ernest! I have been so fortunate, through great interest, as to get the Bishop of Durham to take you into his palace at Bishop Auckland, to write his lordship's private notes; to attend him in his lay-visits; to see that his pens are mended; to hold the umbrella over him when his lordship walks,' &c., &c. (Heaven knows what the *et cetera* would comprise!) 'And, in return for this great condescension, and wonderful opportunity of learning how to behave yourself, you are to be licked into shape, if the thing can be done' (and the father looks at him sternly); 'and you will also be allowed to dine at the far-end of his lordship's table, where, indeed, champagne is not allowed; but you will have a certain allowance of port and sherry, and you will be conveniently lodged, so that you may rise betimes—that is to say, about six in the morning, and have the honour of waiting for my lord bishop, and receiving his commands in the antechamber.'

Yet similar to these were the addresses of anxious fathers to young sons as they grew up to manhood, and had to be put forward well in the world.

Thomas Cavendish, the father of Wolsey's Cavendish (one of the half-dozen Williams it falls justly to our lot to celebrate), esteemed himself fortunate in even belonging to the same county as that in which Wolsey—some say, behind a butcher's stall in Ipswich—first saw the light. It was a claim upon the cardinal; and the cardinal did not forget that they owned such contiguity. He had the greatness of soul to love the early associations with his birth-place, and to cherish the natives of the ugliest county in England.

So he received William Cavendish as one of the gentlemen-ushers of his bedchamber (a sort of functionary to fetch his slippers, and put on his eminence's nightcap); and Cavendish—would that his name were not William!—found himself in good company. Nine or ten young lords were in the archiepiscopal palace, and amongst them Henry Percy, afterwards Earl of Northumberland—Harry the Unthrif, as he was too justly called: he, who loved Anne Boleyn, yet forsook her when a word from him might have saved her. There was also the Earl of Derby. Now these young lords and gentlemen, though they could wait upon the cardinal, could not wait upon themselves, and had each three servants under them; Lord Derby had five.

Cavendish (William I.) was taken more specially into Wolsey's confidence than any of his comrades; and with great reason; for he was a man, from first to last, of honour and integrity, with a warm heart and a cool head; and a man of acquirements also; and a steady as well as devoted admirer of Wolsey's great qualities, as his dedication of his famous 'Life of Wolsey' to the Marquis of Dorset shows. 'The cardinal,' he wrote, 'was my lord and master, whom, in his lifetime, I served; and so remained with him to his fall continually, during the time of all his troubles, both in the south and north parts, until he died; during which time I punctually observed all his demeanours, as also his great triumphs, and glorious estate, &c. Nevertheless, whatsoever any man hath conceived of him

in his life, or since his death, this much I dare say, without offence, if any, that in my judgment I have never seen this realm in better obedience and quiet than it was in the time of his authority; nor justice better administered, without partiality, as I could justly prove, if I should not be taxed with too much affection.'

It was not until Wolsey had arrived at the height of his short-lived splendour that Cavendish entered his service; for it was in 1515, when William was only ten years old, that Wolsey was created a cardinal of the sacred college on the banks of the Tiber. We must therefore fancy the astonishment of the fresh-caught fish out of Suffolk when he found himself swimming in the same stream with the great cardinal. Picture to yourselves, gentle or ungentle readers, the country bumpkin, fresh from a Suffolk manor-house—fresh from hunting and hawking—fresh from the contemplation of those famous old churches with round towers; and ignorant that there was anything grander in life than the then petrified-looking town of Ipswich—fresh from Suffolk dumplings, and imbued, perhaps, with the true Suffolk dialect,—fancy him entering the archiepiscopal palace of York House in, what has long been to us, old Whitehall. What James I. first called White Hall was, when Cavendish was transplanted to London, York House. It was built by Hubert de Burgh: by him given to a convent of Black Friars in Holborn; by them sold to the Archbishop of York in 1248; and during three centuries it preserved the name of York House; and Wolsey was its last archiepiscopal owner. It then became White Hall.

Let us see young William as he enters the gallery. No one understood scenic effects better than Wolsey. There, on divers tables, hang rich stuffs of silk in whole pieces, also velvets and cloth of divers colours. Young Cavendish has scarcely time to marvel when his eye is caught by a suit of copes hanging against walls covered with

gold and silver tissue—and these copes were the richest ever known in England. The dazzled youth passes on, and comes into the Gilt Chamber and the Council Chamber, wherein the same—what we should rather call vulgar—display went on. But display is the feature of half-educated times; and Wolsey, whilst he probably despised it in his heart, knew its influence.

And Cavendish advances. What portly form is it that emerges from the extremity of that gorgeous gallery? He forms, indeed, the central figure of a group of noblemen, of chaplains, and secretaries, and heaven knows what. All eyes rest on him.

That figure, so full of dignity—not, indeed, of the refined stamp—is clad in silk and satins of the richest scarlet dye; his stockings, woollen indeed, are purple. Costly shoes of silver gilt, and inlaid with pearls and diamonds, tread the oak floor. Singularly enough, few, if any, full portraits of Wolsey remain. He has usually been depicted in purple; and that profile is symmetrical rather than handsome, and his cheeks are full, and there is a look of self-indulgence about his face; but all agree as to his courteousness, and even jocularity, his princely demeanour, and his readiness in conversation. His figure was set off by the costly dress of those around him; and thus, glistening in an hitherto unknown splendour of sacerdotal attire, Wolsey appears in the council chamber of York House; where all is silver and panel gilt; where a cupboard under one window displayed plate of solid gold enriched with pearls and precious stones.

Yet Cavendish seems not to have been dazzled so much by all the ostentation of a man whose ever and towel at dinner even noblemen were proud to hand, as by the loftiness of intellect, the courage, and the vast designs and strong will of him whom he served until death.

These were William Cavendish's sunny days. Those of his master were not wholly passed in jollity and state, but in so rapid a development of reforms as has never before

nor since been exhibited in England. Oxford endowed to that all-powerful influence—seven new professorships; the College of Physicians formed; a free school, or college, at Ipswich erected. These were but a portion of the grand schemes planned by the cardinal.

Then, what a knowledge he had of young men and their tendencies! Witness, as he was about to set sail for Calais on his embassy to France, his turning to the young

retinue who followed him, and instructing them in the nature of the French, 'who,' he remarked, 'at their first meeting, will be as familiar with you as if they had known you by long acquaintance, and will commune with you in the French tongue as if you knew every word: therefore use them in a kind manner, and be as familiar with them as they are with you. If they speak to you in their native tongue, speak to them in English; for if you un-



'AND CAVEENDISH ADVANCES.'

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derstand not them, no more shall they you.' Then, turning to a Welsh gentleman, he said, 'Rice, speak thou Welsh to them; and doubt not but that thy speech will be more difficult to them than their French shall be to thee.'

What a pleasant lounge that gallery at York House must have been in these days, when king, and queen,

and ministers of state, bishops and chancellors, were almost always *en évidence* there! What grave faces when the heart-wrung speech of Katharine of Arragon was whispered by those who had heard the passionate appeal in the Court at Blackfriars: 'Of these my miseries I can accuse none but you, my Lord of York; because I could not stay

with your monstrous pride, excessive riot, and intolerable oppression, wherefore do I now suffer; and because my nephew, the emperor, did not gratify your impatient ambition to advance you to the Papacy, you threatened to be revenged on him and his friends; and you have been true to your promise: you have been the plotter of the wars against me, and raised this doubt against me.'

Rely on it, all those eight or ten young lords, and fifteen knights, and forty squires, who composed the *élite* of Wolsey's household, were with him heart and soul, right or wrong; yea, even when in the insolence of power, instead of leaving the primate (Wareham, Archbishop of Canterbury) to summon a convocation at St. Paul's, Wolsey chose to have it in Westminster—a sight never seen in England before; whereon Skelton wrote:—

'Great Paul, lay down thy sword,
For Peter of Westminster hath shaven thy head.'

And Peter of Westminster has ever since held his own, or rather maintained his usurpation, in that same spot.

Then even the grave, discreet Cavendish must have enjoyed, as young men scarce released from boyhood do enjoy, the carousals, the shows, and the splendour of York House.

Wolsey was the first to place the hierarchy amid the nobles of the land. See him, as he rides forth to visit 'the king's grace,' with his tippet of costly sables on his neck; his cardinal's hat of scarlet; his red silk gloves, whilst his hat is carried before him by a nobleman. As the cardinal rides along, the sun shines on something tall and glistening: it is the huge silver cross—nay, there are two of them—carried by stalwart priests; next come the staffbearers, and then the macebearer, all gorgeously in their several attire.

Was it false humility, or for safety, or for custom, or from his increasing corpulence, that Wolsey rode on a mule? A gallant bevy of young men follow him, nevertheless, on fine horses; and amongst these Cavendish is never absent, for the cardinal

could rarely spare him. Yea, in good fortune and ill fortune William Cavendish never left him; and he received his broken-spirited master's last sigh.

But all was soon to change: for a while there were pleasures devised for the king's consolation, as might be invented or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masques and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was heaven to behold. There was, however, no long continuance of heaven in those regions, but something of a very contrary description pervaded the place. Henry saw Anne Boleyn, and the cardinal was ruined. One contemptible act of royal malice was to prohibit any one from calling York House by that ancient name. It was to be White Hall, owing, it has been suggested, to the freshness and whiteness of Wolsey's new buildings; and thus Shakespeare refers to this change: one gentleman, in giving to another a description of Anne Boleyn's coronation, says—

'So she parted,
And with the same full state pass'd back again
To York Place, where the feast is held.
1 Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York Place;
that is past:
For since the cardinal fell that title's
lost;
'Tis now the King's, and called White
Hall.
2 Gent. I know it;
But 'tis so lately altered, that the old
name
Is fresh about me.'

Not only did Cavendish receive Wolsey's last sigh; he waited to see him buried before he presented himself at Court. It is something to Henry's credit that he took the faithful servant into his own household. During eleven years the fortunes of Cavendish prospered. Pickings and choicings out of the surrenders of religious houses—of which he was one of the commissioners—grants of land, first from Henry, then from Edward VI.; offices about court, and successful marriages, laid the foundations of that vast inheritance centred in one family, which is now owned by the Cavendishes.

Until his third marriage William Cavendish was not so happy as to have a family to rear. His first wife, one of the Bostocks of Cheshire, had issue, indeed, but all died in childhood. His second, Mary Parker, of Pollingford in Suffolk, brought him no children. She died in 1542; and her husband, being then only thirty-seven years of age, married again, and his choice fell upon Elizabeth, the widow of Thomas Barley, Esq., and one of the most wealthy as well as the most gifted women of her age.

Elizabeth Hardwick, afterwards Mistress or Madam Barley; then the wife of William Cavendish; next the lady of Sir William St. Loo; and lastly Countess of Shrewsbury, was the daughter of John Hardwick of Hardwick Castle. She was scarcely fourteen at the time of her first marriage, which was childless. Twelve years of widowhood had elapsed before she married again: she could then have been only twenty-six years old, and she was then in the zenith of her beauty. Her talents, her determined character, and her wonderful energy, united to her great wealth, rendered her, indeed, a most desirable wife for an ambitious man; for of the art of rising in the world no one was an abler practitioner than Elizabeth of Hardwick.

The lasting monument of her triumphs is the old Hall of Hardwick, which, through her, came into the possession of the Cavendish family. England has nothing more quaint, the Continent nothing half so perfect in its way, as Hardwick. As you drive along a ridge of ground near the eastern borders of Derbyshire, the towers of this edifice appear before you, amid the ancient oaks of a stately park. The battlements of these towers are of carved open

work, in which, under a coronet—the last achievement of her ambition—appear the letters E. S., ‘Elizabeth Shrewsbury.’ You approach the Hall, and enter a spacious court, now laid out in flower-beds, each bright parterre shaped out in the letters E. S. This, of course, is a modern arrangement, for our ancestors had few garden flowers to boast of. As you turn into the court your eye is caught by the lofty towers at each corner of the house, and by the marvellous number and size of the windows. Daylight seems to have been mightily prized by E. S.; you are startled, nevertheless, by an object to the right, as you enter the garden, that gives you the same sensation as if a withered corpse lay before you, whilst a fair and healthy body was beside it. The dilapidated remains of a still more ancient edifice than that which we now call old Hardwick Hall, recall to you the Hardwicks of the troublous times of Henry VII. There they lived, and E. S. spared the ruined house to snow, perhaps, what her ancestors were, and in what state they lived. To our minds, the proportions of this fragment are finer than those of the elegant but staring Hall beside it. Some lofty chambers are still traceable in this crumbling edifice; and Kennet, in his ‘History of the Cavendishes,’ tells us that one of these is of such beautiful proportions, that when Blenheim was built ‘it was thought fit for a pattern of measure and contrivance for one room in that grand palace.’ This ruin was not, therefore, in Anne’s reign, the ‘ancient solitary domain of the moping owl,’ but was probably still habitable, and may have been quite entire when the new Hall was begun.



THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

(A New Version.)



LAT once say that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's charming little book has suggested this title to me; for a subject, nevertheless, which greatly differs from his own. The characters of the fable-world of Germany—truly there was never anything cleverer than the wooing of Master Fox—as much as his management of the German ballad, attest Sir Edward's extraordinary genius and versatility. The earnest, enslaved lover, the calm, bowed-down father, the beautiful maiden, whose beauty is the beauty of decay, form a group of pilgrims in search of health along the shores of the Rhine. It is now an understood fact that novelists ought to retain standing counsel to keep them right in their law; they ought also to see a physician to insure the accuracy of the medical element in a story. I suspect Miss Trevelyan's friends were very ill advised when they allowed her to 'do' the Rhine in the last days of a consumption. Embarking at Rotterdam, the party steadily pursue the voyage till they turn aside to visit Heidelberg, and the final interest of the story is transferred from the banks of the Rhine to those of the Neckar. The 'Hyperion' of Longfellow is perhaps the most celebrated instance of the grave poetic treatment, the management of the poetry and legend connected with the immemorial river, though the dramatic interest of the story centres at last in Switzerland. The literature of the Rhine is, however, a voluminous subject, including among its most popular names those of M. Dumas and Mr. Thackeray. That earnest pilgrim spirit is still, I would hope, often evoked among those who visit the Rhine, although I am afraid the great majority of the modern pilgrims too often resemble our friends the Kicklebursys. The little enthusiasm which they possess is not much more than what is derived from the successful opera, 'Lurline.' However the tourist spirit may be desecrating in effect, it finds no place in the German mind—full of reverential awe and love for the mighty river of the Fatherland. The Gaul may theorise after Thiers '*sur les frontières naturelles,*' but sword and song will maintain an equal chime—

'Have it—they shall not have it,
 Our free-born German Rhine!'

To them its waters are dear beyond Garonne or Guadalquivir, or all Hesperian streams. They are even invested with the solemn mystery and religion that invests the Nile or the Jordan. How nobly does one of her noblest daughters speak of 'that heroic river which nations never cross without buckling on their armour for the fight!' 'On the Rhine I am never more than twenty years old,' adds the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn.

Let us imagine a band of ancient pilgrims, veritable pilgrims of the vanished ages, 'ages of faith,' as they are sometimes called. Mr. Lytton has very well imagined such a pilgrimage in the poem of 'Tannhäuser,'

that successful transcript of the libretto of an unsuccessful opera:—

'Came, faintly heard along the filmy air,
That here it floating near, a choral chant
Of pilgrims pacing by the castle wall;
And "Salvum me fac Domine" they sang
Sonorous, in the ghostly going out
Of the red-litten eve along the land.'

Let us imagine that our pilgrims are bound, not for Rome, but for the shrine of some saint that hallowed the neighbouring Rhine, a shrine more renowned than that of the Three Kings—say of the good Saint Goar, the apostle of these shores in barbaric ages, who has bequeathed his name to Goarhausen and St. Goar. Hard work this before the *Route Napoleon*! The dangers of the river and the forest were real enough in those old days—old days when the pilgrims might meet in lonely recess with a slaughtered man, where the cord, the dagger, and the parchment proclaimed the work of the Holy Vehm; that Holy Vehm whose deadly doings are probably still attested by the dungeons of Baden. Old days, when from point to point of the river the Free Knights exacted toll, and from their barbaric overhanging castle lorded it over land and flood. Old days when the rough, rude sense of justice and the thought of liberty glimmered on the German mind and resulted in the Confederation of the Rhine and the Hanseatic League. Old days, when the pilgrims crossed themselves, dreaming they caught the echo of the unholy song of the siren of the Lurlei. Old days, when the wayside cross and the wayside Madonna arrested the pilgrim's steps and suggested thoughts of security and peace amid scenes of solitude and danger; and, hark! stealing over the Rhine waters or heard remote in forest glens, from some secluded monastery, comes the vesper chant. Thus the pilgrims of the Rhine reach the sacred destination, with eyes not undimmed with penitential tears or hearts unhealed with a sense of pardon. Such scenes do my subject suggest; romantic, if you will, but I think veritable. But how and whither do the modern pilgrims wend their way? bound to what shrine, guided by what influence?

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Ah me! a shrill whistle breaks the momentary reverie. We are at Coblenz. The huge hotels line the shore, the shipping is stationary at the wharf, the bridge of boats is ready to give place to us. A momentary look at Ehrenbreitstein bristling with cannon; a momentary look at the broad space where the waters of the Moselle mingle with those of the Rhine; soon we are past the purple heights of Pfaffendorf. And now there is a commotion on board. The modern pilgrim approaches one of his favourite shrines. Stolzenfels is behind us—once a robber fortress—then a dismantled ruin to be sold for a few pounds—and now one of the most glorious modern castles to be found in the fatherland. On the right-hand side is the ruined keep of Lahneck; and here the rapid Lahn, gliding over its shallow bed, joins its tributary stream to the Rhine. At this point passengers for Ems disembark. There are the healing fountains of nature o'ercanopied by the wooded hills of Nassau, and there are the gaming-tables which do so much to counteract their beneficial effect. There some of the pilgrims carry their ruined health, and others their ruined reputation.

Some modern pilgrims of the Rhine are in such a hurry to reach this fashionable and favourite watering-place that the passage of the river is perhaps the only glimpse they have obtained of it. They have seen, this time at least, nothing of the glories of the Rhine between Coblenz and Bonn; they have neither climbed the Drachenfels nor walked in the pleasant grounds of Neuwied. They have come down from Aix by express train; the speediest, as the Rhine route, all along the river from Rotterdam, is the longest and most tedious. Some are going to Ems, some to Wiesbaden, some to Baden-Baden. Most of them will be sure to visit Frankfurt and Heidelberg; some will push on to Switzerland. One or two are on a pilgrimage practical enough. They are going to work through the wine country with a view to bar-

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gains. What longing eyes will they lift to the Metternich Château! Will they envy the good old monks of old who had the vineyard of Johannisberg attached to their abbey of St. John? I confess I should like to drink Johannisberg once or twice in a way. Popkins reminds me that I have tasted it at his table. Excuse me, Popkins, but don't you remember that we investigated the subject and came to the conclusion that it was in reality the wine of Rüdesheim? De Tabley is also sure that I have had Johannisberg in the De Tabley halls. Excuse me, my distinguished friend; your cellar is, I know, proverbially good, and knowing all about your father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and ancestors, I wish unhesitatingly to take another glass of that port. But Johannisberg—Johannisberg of the comet year—I cannot flatter myself with ever having tasted, and must console myself with recollections of Steinberg cabinet. I do not see how I could do so unless, like Mr. Roebuck, I were on intimate terms with a lot of emperors. An emperor would have to buy it at the rate of a guinea a bottle, and so I scarcely see how an innkeeper can give it for a Napoleon. I believe, however, that innkeepers cannot, practically, enter into the competition for its purchase. The produce of the vineyards that adjoin the Johannisberg vineyard is, I suspect, ambitiously called Johannisberg, and also vines planted elsewhere from the Johannisberg grape. I do not profess to speak scientifically of the Rheingau, but any one who has wandered on the right bank of the Rhine, and extends his travels to the Taunus, picks up his own ideas on the subject. When I have deserted the region of hotels and roamed the pleasant countryside, I have found extremely pleasant light wines at a price, say one-fifth of the hotel prices. And what a pleasant countryside it is! How, and in how honest a fashion, with what freedom and glee, do the people smoke and quaff! Happy indeed seems the lot of the free German peasant, sitting 'beneath the shadow of his own vine.'

A very genuine pilgrimage is to travel up the Rhine from its exit to its source. But, properly speaking, the Rhine has no exit. It is lost in the multitudinous sands, and it is only in the present century that Katwijk enables us to speak formally of the mouth of the Rhine. Here an artificial channel has been formed, with floodgates stronger and more ingenious than any in Europe. Before this the remnant of the noble river escaped by insignificant dribblets into the sea, type of many a noble career, once broad and rushing as a river but wasted at last amid the sands. Let me recal the now distant day when I wandered through the streets of Leyden, visiting the famous museum and thinking of poor Oliver Goldsmith. I was about to take my first peep of the Rhine, and it was indeed a disappointment to see the sluggish, slimy canal, which bears the title of the Rhine—that one of the parting streams of the old majestic Rhine to which the name is preserved. It is not without some hesitation that I would recommend the pilgrim to ascend the river. Murray advises you not to do so, but a man of independent mind cannot consent to be evermore shackled by those everlasting red books. In Sir Bulwer Lytton's works the Travellers ascend the stream, but I really do not know what they would see beyond the towers of churches and the wheels of windmills. It is all very well to see Holland, and I would earnestly recommend the travellers not to rush across the country, but to spend some time on this interesting country; only you do *not* see the country this way. Still you attain a certain pause in the hurry of travelling—a certain quaint quietness—a certain curious variety of uniformity which is not without its charm. A compromise is the best thing. This I did myself, taking the rail from Amsterdam to Arnheim. The great cities of Holland are crowded together on the line between Rotterdam and Amsterdam, so that you may attain an idea of the country in an incredibly short time, just as in travelling from Brussels to Ostend, I have known

Bruges, Antwerp, and Ghent to have been investigated after a sort in four-and-twenty hours. Still it is wearisome work fighting against the current the wearisome way till you come to Cologne. You have a need of pleasant books, you have need of pleasant friends, and you have also a need, as you again and again pace the deck, to be one of those few men who are capable of continuous, solitary thought. But you reach Cologne, you go and see the bones of the eleven thousand virgins, 'Prosit mihi vos diciisse puellas,' as old Persius bath it; for I felt doubts whether those virginal bones are all really human. I remember bearing off from Farina's shop some of his *cau-de-Cologne*, and breaking one of his bottles in the railway-carriage. When I explained the nature of the catastrophe to my fellow-travellers, there was a rush of French and German handkerchiefs to the spot of my disaster. A rose-leaf also—ah, those memorial rose-leaves!—is one of my mementos of Cologne, plucked from a wild rose-tree blossoming on the very height of the unfinished tower, sprung from some seed dropped perchance by a wandering bird. Still the country is flat till you have passed by Bonn. A leisurely man would do well to spend a few days there, still better to spend a few months there, if he retains or has ever had a student's zeal. And now the country of the Seven Hills closes round you, and the pilgrim scales the *Drachenfels*, where he is delighted by the glimpses of the silvery reaches of the river, although he is probably disappointed with the item of 'peasant girls with deep-blue eyes.' It is rather trite to insist upon it, but no one who has travelled much on the river can be ignorant of the necessity of the admonition, that the traveller ought constantly to leave the river and take to the hills if he wishes really to understand and appreciate the country. What pleasant walks do I remember on that elevated table-land which lies between this river and the Moselle, swept by the pure Rhine breezes, and overlooking such perfect scenery! Pleasant it was,

too, in roaming through the country villages to encounter scenes of heartily-enjoyed festival occasions, when we detected, even in the gathering of peasants, the full force of song and sentiment over the German mind. You will perceive that our pilgrim has left the *Drachenfels* behind him. They told me of a wondrous accident that had befallen a village nestled among the Seven Hills; how a mighty cloud had burst over it and swept away hundreds in the torrents of its waters. We are now arrived at the point we reached just now; our boat is lying against the railway pier for *Embs*.

Onwards from that point so many know the route, and so many more have read concerning it. You see the travellers clustering together, referring to their maps and consulting their guide-books, as ever and again a boat is dropped off to meet the steamer, or the steamer settles by the side of a pier. Every quarter of an hour a place is jotted off, a mere gleam of a passing view is obtained: the average pilgrim is quite satisfied with this and with a reference to Murray for a scrap of history or anecdote. Rather a curious confusion of ideas must in this way be produced in the mind. It must be repeated that only a residence of some little time on the Rhine, with the habit of dropping from place to place, added to an acquaintance with the exterior, or, at least, the bordering heights, can convey an adequate idea of *Rhineland*. The interest of some places is purely historical, and their present condition can offer no possible point of sympathy to that numerous class who have an awe-inspiring depth of ignorance on all historical subjects. Thus, when we come to *Reuse*, on the left side, it is not at all exciting to look at a heap of rubbish in a potato-field: this heap of rubbish and few stones are the remains of a memorable pillared octagon, where Maximilian took the oaths—where various treaties were concluded—where emperors have been elected and deposed. The geographical position of the place was an important point in troublous times; and from *Reuse* various

electors would, in the course of a few minutes, find their way into their own territory. On the opposite side the interest attaching to Marksburg Castle, overlooking Braubach, is much more intelligible, and is the only really perfect and unsophisticated fortress of the Red Land, as the shores of the Rhine have been called, not inappropriately, from battle memories. I notice that Murray has a sentence about it which Mrs. Radcliffe might envy: 'An old castle, with mysterious narrow passages, winding stairs, vaults hewn in the living rock, which served in former days as dungeons, and, above all, a chamber of torture (Folterkammer), where the rack still exists, as well as the instruments with which offenders were executed by strangling; a secret passage is said to pass down through the rock to a tower on the borders of the river.' That is not a bad kind of site for the scene of a romantic story. I see that our friend Murray, when he gets a little higher to Boppard, quotes a passage from Bulwer, apropos of the convent of Marienburg, but does not give a reference to the Pilgrims of the Rhine, which would be more accurate and more advisable. But of all Rhineland castles, the fortress of Rheinfels for me possesses a surpassing interest. If you are staying at Goarshausen, where the scenery is rather a pretty introduction to Switzerland, to those who wisely visit the Rhine first, you only cross the river, and it is not worth while to take a carriage to Rheinfels, as the walk is pleasant and very short, if you do not make, as I did, a mistake in the turning. Marshal Saxe promised the castle as a new year's present to his master, the Ludovicus Magnus; but he did not take the place within the prescribed limits of time, nor yet at all. You of course remember, at Paris, that pompous inscription on the arch of the Porte St. Denis, which has been erected to Ludovicus Magnus, for having crossed the Rhine and conquered a certain number of places within a certain number of days. The pas-

sage of the Rhine has been celebrated in the verse of Boileau and the prose of Madame de Sévigné, but according to Prior there are doubts about it:—

'When thy young muse invoked the tuneful Nine,
To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine.'

Voltaire considers that these were Prior's two best lines. It was under the cruel orders of Louis XIV. that Heidelberg Castle was so cruelly devastated—twice bombarded by Turenne. It was, I think, Francis I. who contented himself with the peaceful triumph of having his horses led to drink of the waters of the Rhine. The later wars, with the history of which Rhine literature is inseparably bound up, were, of course, the Thirty Years' War, the wars of Louis Quatorze, and the revolutionary wars. To appreciate the Lurleiberg above St. Goar one should be able to realize the Undine legends. The Rhine has quite a literature of its own, and its diligent student will find gleanings that have escaped the ubiquitous Murray. Let it be remembered that the right bank from the point we mentioned—the junction of the Lahn with the Rhine, so far as Biberich—is the territory of the Duke of Nassau. For the Brunnen of Nassau, I presume the reader is familiar with Sir Francis Head's amusing volume, the 'Bubbles': few books have had so directly practical an effect. Sir Francis has popularized Schwalbach and Schlangenbad; he—that is to say, his book—has laid out spacious gardens and fine terraces, and adorned them with magnificent hotels. Ladies, of course, were delicious to bathe in these cosmetic waters, even though they were 'as thick as a horse-pond, and about the colour of mulligatawny soup;' for they were told that their limbs would become as white as marble; that all the wrinkles of time and care would be effaced; that the healing fount is infinitely softer than milk, and infinitely soothing to the nerves. For watering-place amusements, however, more or less questionable, one must go to Ems and Wiesbaden. It is to the Nassau

Rhine and the opposite bank that the epithet 'castellated' is chiefly due, and of which the vivid lines, among the most vivid of the clever and eloquent Byron, are most true:—

'Blending all beauties—streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain,
vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly
dwells.'

There is no bourne to which the thoughtful, or rather the thoughtless, pilgrim, more frequently wends his way than to Homburg; there is, with a vengeance, 'speculation in his eye.' Homburg is, of course, the place which the Kickleburys visit, and after the usual Thackeray manner: M. Lenoir is the altered name of the famous proprietor, M. Blanc. A recent French work, '*Les Triptots d'Allemagne*,' by Alfred Sirven, gives some curious information about gaming-houses here and elsewhere. A great many people go to Homburg on false pretences: they don't care for that wicked Hades—they are only visiting dear, antique, interesting Frankfort; they want to look at the Dom; they want to see the house where Luther lived, and where he is represented with the Bible in his hands; then they must see the picture-gallery, the river and the city's garden-belt, and they would not for the world miss Dannecker's 'Ariadne.' I think it is with a genuine interest that most people go to the Judengasse, and look at the house, with the iron-plated door, where the Rothschilds were born. The old lady, though she might spend her days in a splendid abode, would always return at night, and sleep 'where the money was made.' They keep early hours at Frankfort. My first night there, I thought that after an early supper I would go out and see the town. However, I discovered at an incredibly early hour for a large city that there was no town, that the town had shut up and gone to bed. Returning disconsolately to my hotel, I was struck by a majestic figure placidly standing before the gate. For a moment I was uncertain, but then the truth flashed upon my mind—that look of

calm superiority, that unruffled equanimity, those fixed features, that elegantly-turned calf, it *was*, it *must be*—THE BRITISH FLUNKY. Meeting on foreign soil, I addressed some remarks to him. The magnificent creature deigned an affable response.

'You are in service here?'

'With Lady —,' was the answer.

'Where have you been travelling?'

'Don't know.'

'Do you know the name of the last place you came from?'

'Don't know.'

'What is the name of the city where you are now?'

'Don't know.'

With feelings of deep awe I respectfully wished him good night.

And then Homburg is so near to Frankfort, and the new railway is so very handy! But this affectation is quite unnecessary. Every sensible man knows he does quite right in going to Homburg if only he keeps on the right side. The rooms and music are pleasant—pleasant the park and garden—pleasant the cool drives in the deep forest—pleasant the pure breeze and the wide prospect when you have gained some one of the Taunus ridges. One likes to detect a sort of English style, and to talk of the bygone Landgravine, the English Princess Elizabeth. The spring has valuable medical qualities, good for decayed livers and that class of disorders. The good which is done at the spring is often undone by the harm that is wrought at the Kursaal. The town is regularly built, and, as usual, there is a chaplain for the English, who, wherever they are, attend to the decencies and respectabilities. This little state comprises a dominion of some twenty square miles, over which the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg is lord. He is an old man now, near eighty, and when his days are numbered, the system of the gaming-tables is to come to an end. It is high time it should. I think thirteen cases of suicide were reported a season or two ago. One ill-bred fellow had the rudeness to blow out his brains

before very polite company. These cases of suicide, however, are sometimes 'sophisticated.' M. Sirven tells us of a case of this kind. The bank are very sensitive about any malign rumours of suicide, and stifle subjects so unpleasant. A man tied a rope to the branch of a tree, taking care to be near a sentry, waited till he saw some people coming, and then hung himself. An outcry was raised, and the sentry rushing forward, cut him down immediately. Great commiseration was elicited, and the bank thought it only decent to present him with a thousand francs. Three months later the fellow did the same thing again. The case was suspicious enough. The bank, however, thought it best to shed some more money, coupling their donation with the request that in future he would be so good as to hang somewhere else. But there are cheating and trickery about the whole thing, and on an organized system. Thus there are 'gentlemen professors and lady bonnets.' The professor gives himself a title, dresses handsomely, assumes the man of fashion, entices the victim; he has a regular retaining fee and constant refreshers. Some of the current chronicle of the Spa is amusing. A certain Countess K—, an inveterate gamester, was reckoned by the bank to be worth some eight thousand a year to them. She was always at the roulette table, and always losing. She was on the high road to ruin, and was obliged to sell her carriage and horses. When this state of things had continued for a long time, the Countess took it into her head that perhaps she was doing wrong. Nothing contented her but to go to Rome itself, and there receive absolution. This was accorded her on condition that she should renounce play. She returned to Homburg, and was soon found playing as usual. As is usually the case, she provided a salvo for her conscience. 'I don't play for myself any more now,' she said, '*only for the poor.*' It is not an uncommon thing in Homburg for a player to be observed rushing out of the Kursaal, and presently re-

turning *minus* his watch and trinkets. Their value is speedily staked and speedily lost. A regular set of harpies are in attendance ready to prey upon the unfortunate. If one of them is known to be solvent, a money-lender is prepared to advance funds, say at 200 per cent. We are told that Parisian jewellers send their travellers to Homburg to pick up spoils. One story told is in remarkable contrast with the general experience. Two Prussian brothers really did play on a system, and really did win. One brother married a girl with a little fortune, and brought money to the attack. The other was a mathematician, and brought science. 'Every morning,' said the mathematician, 'a waiter cleans the roulette board with chalk, and has to rub certain parts, which are difficult to polish, harder than the rest. Portions of the copper surface are thus worn away, in a manner invisible to the eye, but noticeable by the results. The ivory ball is diverted by this circumstance from its ordinary channel. That is the reason why you see certain numbers frequently win on the same day, while others are never called.' Their manner of playing was as follows:—The mathematical man would come into the Kursaal two hours earlier than his brother. He did not put down any stake, but carefully noted all the winning numbers. His brother then speculated on these winning numbers. The very croupiers could not be more cool and calm. Their average daily winnings were a thousand francs, and when this was attained they ceased to play. It is the Homburg legend that they made a fortune of half a million of francs.

The bank is the property of a company, and of course the shareholders realize very large profits. After the salaries, the enormous rents, and the vast sums for the improvement of the city are expended, they still make forty per cent. of their money. The company are quite certain that though there may be a successful run upon them, yet in the long run the winner is certain to lose in the event. M. Blanc has said of a winning man, 'He

will bring back every louis he has won, and plenty more into the bargain.' When he was asked to advise a colour, he said, 'Red or black, whichever you please. White (Blanc) will be sure to win.'

Let us turn aside, however, from these unworthy pilgrims, and follow those who are willing in these modern days to be real pilgrims of the Rhine, and seek nature in one of her most retired and sacred shrines.

It is at Basle that the average tourist obtains a later, and frequently a final view of the Rhine. Here the river looks very beautiful, either as you hang over the bridge opposite the Trois Rois, or as you watch it from the famous Minster terrace, with the shade of the chestnuts overhead, and the music of the fountain in your rear, 'rushing past in a full broad flood of a clear, light green,' the Black Forest on the one side, and the Jura mountains on the other. The pilgrim, actuated by upward views, turns his face to the east. A railway for a considerable distance traverses the right, or Baden side of the Rhine. On the opposite shore one comes to Rheinfelden. The river is crossed by a wooden bridge, and is thrown by the rocks below into rapids and falls. At Laufenberg we meet with more rapids and more falls. There is of course no navigation. The boats, relieved of their cargoes, are conducted by means of ropes held by persons on the rocks, or they might be dashed to pieces. Lord Montague, a young English nobleman, in descending these rapids, lost his life, and on the very same day, the family mansion, Cowdray in Sussex, was burnt to the ground. The river then reaches Waldshut, the commencement of the Black Forest, and the first of the four forest towns. The Rhine, straitened between abrupt ranges of mountains, rushes forward in enormous volume. These minor *laufen* prepare you for the Grosse Laufen, as the falls at Schaffhausen are called, for the most part visited by travellers on the Zurich line. The tourist is told to examine those noble falls in every aspect, by day-

light, starlight, moonlight, the light of the rising and the setting sun. We must not, however, dwell on scenery which is exhaustively known. The pilgrim pursues his way to the upper founts. If he likes, he may now travel by water, for the river is now once more navigable even for large vessels, as far as the lake of Constance. From the lower to the upper lake the Rhine flows through a gorge, by the side of the city of Constance. In all ecclesiastical history Constance occupies a foremost place, and it is impossible to understand the age of the Reformation without appreciating the age of the councils. The lake scenery, subdued indeed in comparison of Lucerne, or even of Geneva, rather resembles that of the lower part of the Lago di Garda. In modern recollections the Baden shore is especially fertile. The beautiful little island of Meinan once belonged to the German Knights of Malta, and after it had relapsed into waste and neglect, it was purchased by Prince Esterhazy for a retreat, which he made almost paradisaical. In a farthest part of the Baden territory, where alone, through the timidity of the Baden court, she was permitted to dwell, dwelt in her cottage-mansion the solitary Queen Hortense. In his early years the present Emperor of the French resided here, brought up by that tender mother endowed with so much grace, genius, and accomplishments. It almost satisfies the wildest demands of poetic justice that the present emperor is no descendant of Napoleon's, but the grandson of Josephine. Here, then, in solitude was the strange boy brought—destined as a man to mature his genius in long spaces of solitude—hearing the stories of greatness and ruin, the long glories of the Empire, the fugitive splendours of the hundred days, the drear parting at Malmaison, the lasting exile from France. It is far down the shore at Rorschach, that the Rhine enters the lake, with a force which is felt on the opposite shore; the strong ripple in its confluence with other streams has been noticed by Ammianus Marcellinus. Gradually we

pass into the valley of the Rhine, where the Rhine is seen in its least favourable aspect. In the summer it is shrunk up into a narrow channel, and the wide bed is unsightly, with great spaces of sand and gravel; in the winter the waters rise and roar, overspread the bank, and threaten terrible inundations. And so we reach Coire, a central and a resting point.

We are now following the fortunes of an alpine torrent. But the Rhine is the castellated Rhine once more, even as below Mainz. There is a remarkable number of small castles on the heights overhanging the river. At Reichenau we have the confluence of the two principal streams of the Rhine. These are the Fore and the Back Rhine, the Vorder and Hinter Rhein. As the two arms of the river close together, we remark a strange contrast. The Fore Rhine has the largest sheet of limpid water, and the colour is a beautiful light green; the Back Rhine rolls along in a dark limpid stream. According to geographical law we must trace the source of the Rhine to the Back stream. But it nevertheless behoves the loving and diligent pilgrim to examine the source of the Vorder Rhine. He is often nearer to it than he imagines. Any traveller over the pass of the St. Gothard is within a manageable distance of it, when he is at Andernatt. I never thought of this as I sat in the little inn of Andernatt, regaling myself with the delicious red trout of the Oberalp. The thoughts of the traveller are then generally taken up with other streams than the Rhine. He is thinking of the Reuss behind him, as it has leapt in savage cataract beneath the Devil's Bridge, or looking forward to the Ticino as it rolls in limpid flood through the trembling valley and the soft Italian slopes. From Andernatt we walk to the Oberalp-see, about five miles, and begin to descend the north-eastern side of the St. Gothard. Here a little brook, pursuing its way through marshy ground, is pointed out as a source of the infant

Rhine. Several little rivulets fall into a small lake or tarn, which may be assumed as the source of the Fore Rhine. The Rhine stream issuing forth has 'a meeting of the waters' with two other rills, which with strict justice might also put forth their title.

But our pilgrim will content himself with finding the source of the Rhine in the Rheinwald glacier. We are now at the 'snowy Splügen Pass.' There are dread recollections of the Rhine at Splügen. The quiet villagers had just taken their tea one evening well remembered, when the Rhine burst its barriers, sweeping away houses and destroying human life. From Splügen, Murray tells us to make an expedition to the source of the Hinter Rhein, and take a day for it. Leaving the bridge at Splügen, we go along the Bernardino Pass. We reach Hinter-rhein, and there the pass leaves the river, and climbs the mountain along abrupt terraces and zig-zags. We too leave the bleak and barren village of Hinter-rhein, and ten miles up the valley seek the source of the mighty river. The snow-crowned hills are around you, and from the crevices multitudinous streamlets trickle down to feed the infant stream. On the slopes of the hills Italian shepherds pasture their flocks in the summer season. The path is rocky and troublesome, and to an unaided stranger unattainable. The young Rhine struggles over stones; on one side is the Morchel glacier, below which is a spot of marshy green called Paradise, and on the other side a rocky gorge called Hölle. By-and-by we come to the very extremity of the valley, and there, in scenery savage and sublime, and well worthy to be its cradle, is that dreary laboratory of nature in which the Rhine is fashioned from the streams dripping from the Rheinwald glacier. This glacier, spurning the Rhine waters, fills the depression between the Zaporthorn and the Rheinwaldhorn, towering to eleven thousand feet. The fountain-head in the glacier is sometimes hollowed out into a magnificent dome.

little beyond this point was into a small lake or pond, which was as situated as the source of the Rhine. The Rhine stream flows northward, a member of the western with two other rivers, which with which nature might and but their little.

But our object will consist in the well with finding the source of the Rhine in the Rhine valley. The Rhine is now at the source of the Rhine. There are three confluents of the Rhine at Spiez. The first village is at Spiez. The second is at Spiez. The third is at Spiez. The fourth is at Spiez. The fifth is at Spiez. The sixth is at Spiez. The seventh is at Spiez. The eighth is at Spiez. The ninth is at Spiez. The tenth is at Spiez. The eleventh is at Spiez. The twelfth is at Spiez. The thirteenth is at Spiez. The fourteenth is at Spiez. The fifteenth is at Spiez. The sixteenth is at Spiez. The seventeenth is at Spiez. The eighteenth is at Spiez. The nineteenth is at Spiez. The twentieth is at Spiez. The twenty-first is at Spiez. The twenty-second is at Spiez. The twenty-third is at Spiez. The twenty-fourth is at Spiez. The twenty-fifth is at Spiez. The twenty-sixth is at Spiez. The twenty-seventh is at Spiez. The twenty-eighth is at Spiez. The twenty-ninth is at Spiez. The thirtieth is at Spiez. The thirty-first is at Spiez. The thirty-second is at Spiez. The thirty-third is at Spiez. The thirty-fourth is at Spiez. The thirty-fifth is at Spiez. The thirty-sixth is at Spiez. The thirty-seventh is at Spiez. The thirty-eighth is at Spiez. The thirty-ninth is at Spiez. The fortieth is at Spiez. The forty-first is at Spiez. The forty-second is at Spiez. The forty-third is at Spiez. The forty-fourth is at Spiez. The forty-fifth is at Spiez. The forty-sixth is at Spiez. The forty-seventh is at Spiez. The forty-eighth is at Spiez. The forty-ninth is at Spiez. The fiftieth is at Spiez. The fifty-first is at Spiez. The fifty-second is at Spiez. The fifty-third is at Spiez. The fifty-fourth is at Spiez. The fifty-fifth is at Spiez. The fifty-sixth is at Spiez. The fifty-seventh is at Spiez. The fifty-eighth is at Spiez. The fifty-ninth is at Spiez. The sixtieth is at Spiez. The sixty-first is at Spiez. The sixty-second is at Spiez. The sixty-third is at Spiez. The sixty-fourth is at Spiez. The sixty-fifth is at Spiez. The sixty-sixth is at Spiez. The sixty-seventh is at Spiez. The sixty-eighth is at Spiez. The sixty-ninth is at Spiez. The seventieth is at Spiez. The seventy-first is at Spiez. The seventy-second is at Spiez. The seventy-third is at Spiez. The seventy-fourth is at Spiez. The seventy-fifth is at Spiez. The seventy-sixth is at Spiez. The seventy-seventh is at Spiez. The seventy-eighth is at Spiez. The seventy-ninth is at Spiez. The eightieth is at Spiez. The eighty-first is at Spiez. The eighty-second is at Spiez. The eighty-third is at Spiez. The eighty-fourth is at Spiez. The eighty-fifth is at Spiez. The eighty-sixth is at Spiez. The eighty-seventh is at Spiez. The eighty-eighth is at Spiez. The eighty-ninth is at Spiez. The ninetieth is at Spiez. The ninety-first is at Spiez. The ninety-second is at Spiez. The ninety-third is at Spiez. The ninety-fourth is at Spiez. The ninety-fifth is at Spiez. The ninety-sixth is at Spiez. The ninety-seventh is at Spiez. The ninety-eighth is at Spiez. The ninety-ninth is at Spiez. The hundredth is at Spiez.

into the valley of the Rhine. The Rhine is now at the source of the Rhine. There are three confluents of the Rhine at Spiez. The first village is at Spiez. The second is at Spiez. The third is at Spiez. The fourth is at Spiez. The fifth is at Spiez. The sixth is at Spiez. The seventh is at Spiez. The eighth is at Spiez. The ninth is at Spiez. The tenth is at Spiez. The eleventh is at Spiez. The twelfth is at Spiez. The thirteenth is at Spiez. The fourteenth is at Spiez. The fifteenth is at Spiez. The sixteenth is at Spiez. The seventeenth is at Spiez. The eighteenth is at Spiez. The nineteenth is at Spiez. The twentieth is at Spiez. The twenty-first is at Spiez. The twenty-second is at Spiez. The twenty-third is at Spiez. The twenty-fourth is at Spiez. The twenty-fifth is at Spiez. The twenty-sixth is at Spiez. The twenty-seventh is at Spiez. The twenty-eighth is at Spiez. The twenty-ninth is at Spiez. The thirtieth is at Spiez. The thirty-first is at Spiez. The thirty-second is at Spiez. The thirty-third is at Spiez. The thirty-fourth is at Spiez. The thirty-fifth is at Spiez. The thirty-sixth is at Spiez. The thirty-seventh is at Spiez. The thirty-eighth is at Spiez. The thirty-ninth is at Spiez. The fortieth is at Spiez. The forty-first is at Spiez. The forty-second is at Spiez. The forty-third is at Spiez. The forty-fourth is at Spiez. The forty-fifth is at Spiez. The forty-sixth is at Spiez. The forty-seventh is at Spiez. The forty-eighth is at Spiez. The forty-ninth is at Spiez. The fiftieth is at Spiez. The fifty-first is at Spiez. The fifty-second is at Spiez. The fifty-third is at Spiez. The fifty-fourth is at Spiez. The fifty-fifth is at Spiez. The fifty-sixth is at Spiez. The fifty-seventh is at Spiez. The fifty-eighth is at Spiez. The fifty-ninth is at Spiez. The sixtieth is at Spiez. The sixty-first is at Spiez. The sixty-second is at Spiez. The sixty-third is at Spiez. The sixty-fourth is at Spiez. The sixty-fifth is at Spiez. The sixty-sixth is at Spiez. The sixty-seventh is at Spiez. The sixty-eighth is at Spiez. The sixty-ninth is at Spiez. The seventieth is at Spiez. The seventy-first is at Spiez. The seventy-second is at Spiez. The seventy-third is at Spiez. The seventy-fourth is at Spiez. The seventy-fifth is at Spiez. The seventy-sixth is at Spiez. The seventy-seventh is at Spiez. The seventy-eighth is at Spiez. The seventy-ninth is at Spiez. The eightieth is at Spiez. The eighty-first is at Spiez. The eighty-second is at Spiez. The eighty-third is at Spiez. The eighty-fourth is at Spiez. The eighty-fifth is at Spiez. The eighty-sixth is at Spiez. The eighty-seventh is at Spiez. The eighty-eighth is at Spiez. The eighty-ninth is at Spiez. The ninetieth is at Spiez. The ninety-first is at Spiez. The ninety-second is at Spiez. The ninety-third is at Spiez. The ninety-fourth is at Spiez. The ninety-fifth is at Spiez. The ninety-sixth is at Spiez. The ninety-seventh is at Spiez. The ninety-eighth is at Spiez. The ninety-ninth is at Spiez. The hundredth is at Spiez.



Drawn by T. Morten.

PICTURES IN THE CLOUDS.

"Bareheaded she advanced to the river's brink, and then there came upon her a dreadful thought. Her husband, her own cherished husband, was probably dead. Her last words with him had been words of anger. What was she to live for now? Why not die herself! She looked at the river, and her brain seemed as though bursting with the violence of her emotions. Suddenly the water sparkled with light. She looked upwards, and through a rift in the clouds the glorious sun came struggling bravely into sight, parting the murky vapours, which drew off the evil spirits at the approach of holiness and purity. Might not this be a happy omen! Might not Charley yet live! Might——"

[See "Picture in the Clouds."]



Drawn by E. Benson.

PICTURES IN THE CLOUDS.

"Hunched she advanced to the river's brink, and then there came upon her a thought that left her— Her husband, her own cherished husband, was gone to-day, dead! Her last words with him had been words of anger. What was she to live for now? Why not the desert? She looked at the river, and her heart seemed as though beating with the violence of her emotions. Suddenly the water sparkled with light. She looked upwards, and through a rift in the clouds the gleaming sun came streaming down into sight, parting the misty vapours, which drew off the soft spots in the approach of softness and peace. Might not this be a happy omen? Might not Clorley yet live? Might—"

—Thus "Pictures in the Clouds."

PICTURES IN THE CLOUDS.

IT has been objected, and I think with reason, that one of the most glaring literary sins of the present day is that of familiarity. But in my opinion the charge applies only to the novelists, some of whom descend from their pedestal, leave their story and their characters to shift for themselves, and commence chattering with their readers in an off-hand, back-slapping, familiar manner, quite at variance with their dignity. Let these gentlemen stick to their tale, and content themselves, as the best of them always do, with weaving their woof of plot, and elaborating their dialogue. *Suam cuique.* To us essayists—who rather avoid the rushing streams and the tidal rivers, preferring to paddle quietly up retired backwaters, or to float dreamily on the unruffled bosoms of lakes—such familiarity is not merely natural, but necessary. We have no grand heroes who must be always in full periwig and court-suit, and who lose all respect if shown to the public in slippers and a dressing-gown; we have no daring adventures or hair-breadth 'scapes to relate: all our business is to prattle pleasantly in the reader's ear, to take him by the arm, lead him out of the broad walk into a by-path, and say, 'Look here, this is my view of the matter:' and the more familiarly you say it, the more you are likely to win his attention. Therefore it does not appear to me as at all out of the fitness of things for me to begin this little essay by stating how, and where, and under what circumstances it is composed.

I am holiday-making just now for three days; and that is a phrase which none but hard workers can understand or properly appreciate. The manufacture of holidays has a very wide and elastic signification. His Grace the Duke of Millecha-teaux understands holiday-making by running away from his wife, his acquaintances, his parasites, his usual surroundings, his magnificence, his rank, and his state; run-

ning away to a little shooting-box in the Highlands, whence he drives, accompanied by some half-dozen friends, at an early hour of the morning, to an adjacent moor, and whither he returns, at a late hour of the evening, thoroughly tired out, with just 'go' enough to take a bath, eat his dinner, smoke his pipe, and then retire to bed. Sir Jibson Taffrel makes holiday on board his yacht, coasting round England from Cowes to Lowestoft, with an occasional run to Cherbourg; to be called 'Sir' by tarry-trousered mariners and an amphibious boy; to wear a straw hat surrounded with a ribbon with 'Wave' printed on it, a pilot-jacket, and a pair of loose and perpetually-descending trousers; to roll in his gait, and to say, 'Ay, ay, sir!' instead of 'Yes,' forms the height of his ambition. Jack Gorman's holiday means ice and snow, ladders and ropes, lanterns which won't keep alight, and axes for cutting hand-holes and foot-supports. *Qui trans mare currunt* change, according to Jack's translation, not their constitution, but their climb, and so every autumn sees him *trans mare*, exchanging his pleasant chambers in King's Bench Walk for the wretchedest accommodation in Swiss, or Savoyard, or Tyrolese inns, drinking the thinnest *vin du pays*, or rum-tainted, mahogany-shaving essence, under the name of brandy, or bitter *kirsch*, instead of the wholesome port of the Oxford and Cambridge Club; and instead of the boon companionship of his friends, consorting with dirty boors from Zermatt, or garlic-reeking guides from Courmayeur. Many spend their holidays in carrying London with them to fashionable watering-places or foreign spas, and there doing exactly what they do at home; many others go on 'tours,' which means that they rush through two or three foreign countries at break-neck speed, seeing nothing, learning nothing, and utterly robbing themselves of that peaceful rest which nature requires.

At least such is my theory;—so when I make holiday I am not ashamed to say that I do nothing, and do it remarkably well. On my desk in the French window lie the blotting-pad, the pile of 'slips' ready for writing, the huge ink-stand and the pen-tray filled with those rusty, blue-mouldy stumps of steel pens with which I am in the habit of driving printers to desperation: close by, on a little table, stands a heap of books for review, and on a porcelain slate at the right hand are jotted memoranda of subjects to be treated. But in my holiday I shake my fist at all these, and pass through the window after breakfast, with a cigar in my mouth, and after having unloosed big, black Nero, a retriever who is most demonstratively affectionate, and who can scarcely understand being freed from the chain at this early hour, I stroll on to the lawn, and smoke my cigar in peace, watching the gambols of the children the while. Ah! this is very pleasant. The lotus-eaters were perfectly right—

'There is no joy but calm.'

And I am bound to say I agree with them that 'surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil.' If there were no such things as rent, and tradespeople, and school-bills to pay, I would never do another stroke of work as long as I lived. The old red-brick house where I reside glows in the sun, and the little, leaden-casemented, diamond-paned windows wink again. Oliver Cromwell lived here once! Ah! a very pushing man, far too energetic for my present ideas: it makes me quite hot to think of his energy, and his 'Take away that bauble,' and all his bumptiousness. He would have had a much happier life if he had done as I am doing—lain on his back on this broad lawn, and let things 'slide,' as the Yankees have it. I am not so far remote from the busy world but that I can hear the roar of London, lessened and modified by distance.

'In the distance hums the Babel
Of the many-footed town,'

as sings Mr. Alfred Austin, and a very sweet singer Mr. Austin is

when he's not wielding what people call 'the lash.' What nonsense it is, that wielding the lash: there is nobody worth hitting, at least in this weather. I have no doubt there are some dreary books among those on my table awaiting review; but rest ye, merry authors, no 'slating' will you receive at my hands: all the old conventionalities of expression shall be brought into play to let you down easily. It is in the winter that one likes to get hold of a dullard, when one's blood wants warming.

As I lie stretched supine, with my face turned up to the sky, I am sensible of many interruptions to my quiet thought. In the first place, there are 'things' in the grass, insects of some kind or another, which I am sufficiently cockneyfied not to know further than under the generic name of 'things,' that hum and buzz, and keep my hands perpetually engaged in slapping my ears, and flisking the 'things' from before my face; then I hear a dull thud on the turf close beside me, and simultaneously feel something wet and cold against my cheek, and then I discover that Nero has made the round of the garden, and come back to pay me a domiciliary visit of inspection. 'Get out, Nero! stand back, boy! You just stood between me and the sky while I was gazing at that lovely cluster of clouds, and seeing it melt into pictures as I gazed.'

Pictures in the Clouds! not a bad subject for reflection when lazy, for an essay when at work. There must be but a few of us indeed who have not, at one time or other, seen those lovely floating vapours assume various shapes, some light, loving, and graceful, others dark, lurid, and menacing. In all ages clouds seem to have attracted the attention of men, and called forth remark. What says the heavily-smitten, ever-enduring man of Uz, 'Who can number the clouds in wisdom? or who can stay the battles of heaven when the mist groweth into hardness, and the clouds cleave fast together?' And the melancholy, soured, splenetic, large-souled, cynical Prince of Denmark, whose

quasi-madness has formed the text for psychologists for two hundred years, and even within the last month has been descanted on by Dr. Conolly,—does not he, in one of the most telling bits of his sarcasm, call an image 'from cloud-land for the discomfiture of old Polonius?

'Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale.'

I have often thought the roar of laughter which invariably peals at this last line somewhat unmerited, as far as Polonius is concerned; for although, thorough courtier that he is, and determined to fool the prince 'to the top of his bent,' he would say anything; yet in this instance he may have had some ground for his answers, as all those who have watched the clouds know how suddenly they change their form, and also how different their aspect appears to different gazers.

When I first strolled out on to the lawn, the sky was cloudless, all around was that 'blue unclouded weather,' in which Launcelot rode to Camelot past the fairy bower of Shalott's fated lady; 'there was not a cloud in the sky,' as Southey says in his 'Well of Saint Keyne,' or as Wordsworth beautifully expresses it—

'The charm of sky above my head
Is heaven's profoundest azure—an abyss
In which the everlasting stars abide,
And whose soft gloom and boundless depth
might tempt

The curious eye to look for them by day.'

But since then, light, airy, fleecy clouds have been gradually gathering. First came a cloud like that celebrated one spoken of in Scripture as seen by the prophet's servant, 'no bigger than a man's hand,' a cloud

'That looked

As though an angel, in his upward flight,
Had left his mantle floating in mid air,'

as Joanna Baillie has it. Then followed another and another, their wandering vapours, like women's filmy veils, floating glibly through the heavens, dreamily wandering through space, perfect cynosures

for the idle and tranquil. On them the eye can rest, and over them the mind can ponder without the smallest excitement; they are not such truculent clouds as Bryant describes:—

'Bright clouds,

Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,
Their bases on the mountains, their white tops
Shining in the far ether, fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye awry.'

No; they are alight, transparent vapours, apparently of a gregarious nature, for I see them pursuing each other and joining company, when by degrees they lose their transparency, and form a lovely bank, a downy expanse of delight, a floating feather-bed poeticised. Wandering gusts of air unknown to us earth-dwellers, for deuce a one of them comes to fan my heated face, are apparently rife sky-high, and under their influence my cloud-bank takes a new form, tapering a little at the side, widening at the base, and at length settling down into a direct reproduction of the culotte of Mont Blanc. Exact! I can fancy myself once more in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Londres, at Chamouni on the balcony outside the entrance hall, and facing the little row of baths where English gentlemen boil themselves after pedestrian excursions: all the guests who are not out mountaineering are assembled, telescope in hand, watching a dozen black dots dimly seen creeping up yon snowy surface. Higher and higher they go, harder and harder we look; we all nod at each other, and give interesting details of what we see, fully knowing all the time that we are impostors, and can barely define the position of the climbers. At last, bang go the guns, we all scream 'Hurrah! the summit is reached! hurrah!'—and here Nero, thinking I am going mad, bounces down upon me and rolls me over, and spoils my day dream of Chamouni for ever.

When I recover, and struggle up to a sitting position, I discover that the clouds, 'those fairy playthings of the mighty sky,' have dispersed again, and are beginning to over-spread the blue in long thin flakes

with pointed, vaporous, drifting ends. There is a technical name for this appearance you may depend upon it; *cirrus, cirro-stratus, nimbus*, and *cumulus*, are words constantly in the mouths of your scientific cloud-studiers. But I, who am a gossipier merely, and given to use very ordinary language, call this aspect 'mares'-tails,' as I have heard it called by old sailors and sportsmen. Lovely they look, more especially at this instant, when the sun is hidden behind one of the denser of their number, but still lights up the sky. This is what Wordsworth meant when he said—

'Multitudes of little floating clouds
Ere we, who saw, of change were conscious,
pierced
Through their ethereal texture, had become
Vivid as fire—clouds separately poised,
Innumerable multitude of forms
Scattered through half the circle of the sky;
And giving back, and shedding each on each,
With prodigal communion, the bright hues
Which, from the unapparent fount of glory
They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive.'

These 'mares'-tails' are by no means ill-named, if one thinks of Tam o' Shanter's mare and her streaming appendage, or of some of the wild German pictures of the animals on which Faust and Mephistopheles visited the witches' revels. I think of this as I lie gazing upwards, and then I see different clouds gradually forming themselves into different shapes and pictures. I see a long greyhound's head clearly defined, close by a castle on a crag, a castle by the sea, such as Uhland speaks of, and then a high-shouldered man's back topped by a slouch hat, and a long straight slip like a riding-whip! All these objects, commonplace though they be, yet look lovely when pictured by the clouds. Do you remember Mr. Millais's picture of the 'Vale of Rest?' that picture so cruelly fallen foul of by the braying critics, who called the nuns hideous, and who hee-hawed in print because Rosa and Matilda of fashionable novels, or Eulalie and Frisette of the cheap French prints had not been represented as inmates of the convent, instead of those women whose conquered passions left a dead, dull trace in their worn, gaunt faces. It was evening, if you

recollect, when these women were represented at their loathsome task of grave-digging; and in the background of the picture, just above the horizon, was a dull purple cloud, thickish in the centre, and tapering off to either end, like a cigar; indeed many of the humorists who frequented the Academy that year called the picture 'The Cigar,' on that account. I had never seen such a cloud, when I first looked at the picture, but I knew the painter's singleness of purpose, and I felt convinced that he had, and that he was merely giving a transcript of his own observation, a poetical rendering of a common object actually seen. Since then I have seen such a cloud a dozen times.

We commonplace people only see commonplace objects in clouds—mares' tails, mackerel's backs, dogs' heads, castles, cigars, and such-like; but in the poet and the prose-poet (often a larger-souled fellow than the mere singer), what glorious fancies they awaken! With what airy fancy Shelley writes of 'The Cloud:'—

'I bring fresh showers for the tiny flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that
waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the flashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.'

But it has been reserved for Mr. Ruskin, who is steeped to the lips in poetic feeling, and to whom has been vouchsafed such powers of expression as rarely if ever have before fallen to mortal lot, to give us the finest idealization of vapour-land, the noblest pictures in the clouds. That magnificent work, 'Modern Painters,' which, in my day, I trust to see reduced in price until it falls within the purchase-scope of thousands who would appreciate its every word, and to whom it would be the producer of feelings long hidden in their breasts, now sterile for lack of the fostering poetic

dew, is replete with allusions to such pictures. In it he speaks of 'the ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone: we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines that it broods by them, and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of boughs? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the summit, the highest of all the hill,—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest, how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the horizon, nowhere touching it; the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—"poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?"

Soft and sweet, full of airy folly and fecund fancy are these words; but when next he is in cloud-land, it is in a different strain. Then he speaks of

'War-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire; how is their barbed strength bridled? What bits are these they are clamping with their vaporous lips, flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the sea of heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. The sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurs, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is his which has awed them into peace? What hand has reined them back by the way by which they came?'

I have known many men who, while lacking the eloquence, undoubtedly possessed more than the assurance of Mr. Ruskin, who will tell of strange prognostications of coming events, or reproductions of past events in their lives, which

they have seen depicted either in the fire or in the clouds. To me, commonplace, no such indulgence has been extended; but even now as I lie, I remember one story of the kind which I nobly discredited, but which the heroine always averred had happened. Maud Forrest was the heroine, and 'though I say it who should not,' as people remark, she being my cousin, you would not find a lovelier girl in the county of Middlesex, with the bordering miles of Kent, Bucks, and Herts given in. Of a very queenly, stately beauty, very tall, and grand, and majestic, and sweeping, and all that kind of thing, she had been the beauty of her set for two years, and in her season refused as many offers as a half-bred hunter does fences in *his* first season, and nobody knew how she came to accept Charley Forrest, except he and herself; and she knew that though not particularly handsome, nor specially brilliant, he was thoroughly kindhearted, honourable, liberal, and madly attached to her. Charley was one of the junior partners in the house of Howell, Ewe, Havitt, and Co., who have been bankers in Lombard Street any time these two hundred years, and he lived in capital style, on the Thames, near Cookham, seldom going up to town more than three times a week, save in the season, when he had a house in Curzon Street, and enjoying his life generally. They had been married just two years, they had one little boy about ten months old, and were just settling down into thorough domestic bliss after the first fever of matrimony, when a storm occurred which very nearly wrecked the good ship Domestic Felicity, and sent all hands to the bottom.

Thus it happened. One morning at breakfast Maud saw Charley's face a little clouded as he glanced over a letter just arrived. It was from his cousin, Bob Vance, who was just married, and who volunteered a visit to Deepholme, Charley's place. Bob Vance had been in the Indian army before he inherited his uncle's fortune, and benefited the Haymarket and the casinos with his presence and his

money, and still retained much of the Indian *militaire*—notably a very imperious bearing, and certain free manners of the camp. While Charley was engaged to Maud, Bob Vance had favoured them with a good deal of his society, and his attentions to Maud had been so marked as to cause that young lady to treat him with the most frigid *hauteur*, which he resented, and thus a tacit misunderstanding was established between them. Charley knew nothing of all this: fully certain of Maud's love for him, he merely thought that his wife had some prejudice against his cousin; but that was sufficient to make him knit his brows when he read of the proposed visit. He had never seen Mrs. Vance, but had heard that she had been the belle of a county, and that Bob, who first met her at a race ball, had carried her off from a posse of contending rivals. To Charley's surprise Maud did not evince any displeasure at his announcement; she thought that Captain Vance's marriage would have entirely set at rest any annoyance which she might have experienced from his attentions, and she was anxious for the cousins to be on friendly terms. So the invitation was duly despatched, and at the end of the week the Vances arrived.

Rumour had not lied in calling Laura Vance a beauty. She was of middle height, but small-limbed, lithe, and graceful. Her hands and feet were noticeably small and well-shaped, and she had a peculiar, swimming manner of progress which was very pleasant to behold. She had a power of intensifying looks, touches, and speeches in a way dangerous to the peace of mind of the person operated on; in truth, she was a thorough flirt, and she began to make play upon Charley Forrest before she had been twenty-four hours in his house. She would sit gazing intently at him over the top of her book, with one hand passing and repassing the golden arrow through her auburn hair, until Charley, good honest soul, felt quite uncomfortable; or she would pursue him to the stables, or to the kennel, 'idolizing dogs and horses,' as

she said she did, and take his arm, or lean upon his shoulder, all the time talking softly to him, and looking up into his face with her brown lustrous eyes. Bob Vance cared for none of these things; he was a changed man; the two years during which Forrest had been married had made an immense difference in Vance; free living in India had begun to show its inevitable results, and the dashing 'swell' had subsided into the querulous invalid, ever pottering with his globules and tinctures. But there was one person on whom not a gesture was lost, not a look passed unobserved, not a word fell unheeded. That person was Maud Forrest. She saw in an instant the part that the lithe little serpent was playing, and she hated her only as a jealous woman can hate. Her manner towards Mrs. Vance, which at first was specially winning, changed and settled down into scant courtesy and brief replies. Maud did not care to disguise the rage she felt at this attempted tampering with her husband, but Laura never seemed to notice it. Mrs. Forrest was still her 'sweetest Maud,' and when not hunting up Charley, she would come and throw her arms round Maud's stately neck, which never bent for the caress, and cover her cheek with kisses. To Charley, Maud had spoken sharply about the matter, though she knew him to be utterly innocent (women have such noble inconsequence of thought and action), and poor old Charley had defended himself as best he could, imploring his wife not to speak harshly to him, and praying that, above all things, there might be 'no row.'

A row there was though, a right royal row, which will be remembered by Maud to her dying day. In honour of his guests Charley had arranged a large pic-nic at Cliefden, and in the morning after breakfast they were settling on the various modes of conveyance. The most generally favourite plan seemed to be to drop quietly down in boats; but Charley had plates and pies and other *impedimenta* to take with him, and was going to drive over in his dog-cart.

'Laura, my love,' said the invalid captain, 'I think I shall go in the shallop. I can have cushions arranged at the bottom, and lie under the awning; and I shall make myself comfortable.' It is due to Captain Vance to say that he did his best under all possible circumstances. 'How do you intend to go?'

'I?' asked Laura, elevating her eyebrows with her portest air; 'I shall go with Charley in the cart.'

Captain Vance, taking it all as a matter of course, merely said, 'Ah!' but Charley grew very red in the face, and Tom Ffoulkes, who was stopping with them, nearly burst into a guffaw. Mrs. Forrest rose from her chair, and left the room. Two minutes after her maid told Charley that her mistress wanted to speak to him.

He found his wife in her dressing-room, and was startled at her appearance. Her long hair was pushed back behind her ears, her eyes stared wildly, and her lips were rigid and compressed. When she spoke her voice sounded harsh and strained.

'Charles—that woman—she will not go with you in the dog cart!'

'Eh? Well, Maud, my pet! Heaven knows I don't want her; but I don't see how—that is, without being very rude—'

'You must tell her you won't drive her.'

'No, Maud; I can't do that.'

'Do you mean to say that you will take her?'

'Well, Maud, I scarcely see, my darling, how I could do otherwise. I—'

'Then let me tell you, Charles, that if that woman goes with you to-day, I never will speak to you again! Oh! I've watched you both, and I've seen all the goings on, ever since she's been in the house. Oh, I am so thoroughly wretched!' And she fell into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears.

'My darling!' said Charley, approaching. But she waved him off.

'Don't speak to me! I hate you! I'll go to papa! Why did I ever marry, and leave my dear papa?'

Oh, how I hate you! I wish I were dead! I wish I were dead! And the poor child raved and moaned.

'Maud,' said Charley, looking very grave, 'Maud, I cannot listen to this. You *know* you are unjust. I shall drive Mrs. Vance to Cliefden, and I shall hope to find you in a better frame of mind when I return.'

He had right on his side, and he felt it: he walked slowly away, and ten minutes afterwards Maud heard the sound of wheels, and, rushing to the window, saw Laura seated by Charley's side.

Then came a long, long pause, during which Maud remained in a kind of stupor of grief and rage, occasionally broken in upon by convulsive sobs. At first she scarcely realized what had just happened, but as she pondered over it her passion entirely mastered every other feeling, and at length she rose. She would write to her father, imploring him to fetch her home at once. She would never see her husband again; he had treated her in a way she could never forgive. Oh, to think of that vile creature sitting by his side! She hated him! She wished he were dead! She—. Just at that moment fell upon her ear a confused mingling of sounds, subsiding finally into the maddened gallop of a horse. She rushed to the window, and saw the bay mare which Charley always drove in his dog-cart tear rapidly by, her harness in strips about her, and a fragment of the vehicle hanging to the trace. In an instant the awful thought came upon her that her impious wish was realized, that her husband had been killed by an accident, and was dead; and she sank fainting to the floor.

When she recovered she staggered to the window for air. All was still, but the sky had become overcast, the sun had disappeared, and thick black clouds were banking up to windward. She rang the bell, and learned from her maid that the horse had stopped at the stable in the state she had seen, and that one of the grooms had instantly set off towards Cliefden to ascertain what had happened. Maud was

nearly frantic with terror. She would go herself. The maid told her there was no vehicle to convey her. Then she would go by the river; let some one get the boat ready, she could not wait. She walked out into the garden amid the drops, which were now beginning to fall heavily. Bareheaded, she advanced to the river's brink, and then there came upon her a dreadful thought. Her husband, her own cherished husband, was probably dead. Her last words with him had been words of anger. What was she to live for now? Why not die herself? She looked at the river, and her brain seemed as though bursting with the violence of her emotions. Suddenly the water sparkled with light. She looked upwards, and through a rift in the clouds the glorious sun came struggling bravely into sight, parting the murky vapours, which drew off the evil spirits at the approach of holiness and purity. Might not this be a happy omen? Might not Charley yet live? Might—. A sound, the measured thudding of

oars in rowlocks, a shout from a boat, a scream from Maud, a confused murmur, a jump to land, and Charley, uninjured, clasped his wife to his heart.

'I knew you'd be anxious, little woman,' he said, 'for the mare was sure to run home, and you would probably see her. Skittish brute! she bolted as George was tying her to a tree, and knocked the cart all to shivers against the corner of the boat-house; so I slipped into the boat and pulled down at once. You're not angry now, darling?'

'Oh, Charley, never, never again! Can you forgive me? Can you—'

But Charley stopped her mouth in a manner which, though not new, was highly satisfactory. Next day Mr. and Mrs. Vance received a letter, which they said summoned them at once to town, and departed; and Maud has never since known a day's uneasiness. But always in her heart she thinks with deep gratitude of the omen in the clouds.

Ah! no more clouds now; the sun has it all his own way, and is too much for me. I must go in.

Q.

MRS. BROWN'S EXCURSION.

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

'HOT it is, and no mistake,' says Brown to me, on last Friday evening as ever was, whilst a setting at supper with a cucumber and crab, which is not dangerous, through something took after them, though I have known spavins ensue.

Well, I says, 'Brown, it seems to me as if I never got a full breath, the heat being that heavy on my chest.'

'I tell you what would do you a world of good,' says he; 'it's a mouthful of fresh sea air.'

'Go along with your nonsense!' says I; 'fresh sea air, indeed! when every child knows as the sea is salt; and it's a deal of any sort of air I'm likely to get, stived up, as I may say, in Condiok Street, Commercial Road,

as I am: p'raps you could bring me a little home from the docks?' I says, jeering like.

'I can't bring you none home from the docks,' says he; 'but I tell you what I can do—I can take you somewheres, where you'll get it strong and sweet, and plenty on it.'

'Wherever's that?' says I; 'p'raps you means emigration—a thing as I don't hold with, through poor Mrs. Edwards, as had eleven when she follored her husband to them parts, was never heard of, and is supposed by them as knowed her best to have broke her heart over there.'

'Emigration be blowed!' says Brown.

'Brown,' says I, 'keep such lan-gwidge for them as likes it; but I

don't hold with it, through being serious brought up.

'All right,' says Brown, 'only you will be so sharp with your emigration. I only means nine hours by the seaside for three shillings, and all in one day.'

'Well, certainly, I should like to see the sea,' says I, 'for I never did but once, and that was through a glass from the North Woolwich Gardens; but it seemed very grand, and having had a aunt, as kept bathing-machines, on my mother's side, at Horno Bay, I've always had a wish.'

'Well,' says Brown, 'we can go a Sunday by the train.'

'What!' says I; 'dear me, I never knowed as they run trains on the sea.'

'Not on the sea,' says he; 'but to the sea.'

'Well,' I says, 'it don't much matter, it's pretty nigh the same,' and then we drops the subject.

'You must get a bit of cold victuals ready, old girl,' says Brown, as he was going off to the docks, Saturday morning.

'What for?' says I.

'Why, to eat,' says he.

'Whenever do you mean, Brown?' says I.

'Why, to-morrow, at the excursion,' says he.

'What! do you mean as your serious, Brown?' I says.

'Of course I am,' says he.

Well, mum, my heart seemed to misgive me, and I said, 'Brown, don't you think as there may be dangers?'

'Oh, bother dangers!' says he. 'I'm not going to be stifled up here. I shall go, and you can come if you like, not as I shall want company, for there'll be thousands.'

'Oh, indeed!' I says; 'well, then, it must be all right if so many's a going; the more the merrier,' though little did I think as there might be too many.

Well, I got a bit of gammon of bacon, some hard-biled eggs, half a pound o' cheese, and a twopenny cottage; for I thought as we might fall in with a friend. I says to Brown that very Saturday night, 'Whatever shall we do for beer,

through its being Sunday?' and he says—

'It's all right; we'll have a couple of bottles of stout, for fear of accident, and I shall take my pocket pistol,' says he.

'No,' says I, 'Brown, no edge tools if you please;' but he only meant the little flat bottle as acts as a precaution agin cold and cramps. Well, I packed the basket over night, and laid the fire before I got to bed—which I was late in doing, through having a many little things to see to; and when I did get to bed I couldn't rest, as Brown hadn't got no bill about the train, and wasn't sure whether it left at seven or eight, or it might be half-past seven. So, as the saying is, I was sleeping with one eye open, and was down into the kitchen four or five times to look at our clock, as won't strike. Through Brown being a heavy sleeper, with his watch under his pillow, I couldn't get a sight of it. Well, about five I dropped off that sound as Brown was obliged to shake me, and woke me up all of a fright, for I was dreaming about the sea a-coming in, for all the world like our water when the pipes burst through frost, and thought it was a drowning me; and if it hadn't been a morning dream I wouldn't have gone for the world. So I got up, all in a flurry, and I says, 'Brown,' I says, 'tea may be hopeful, but shaving water you must not look to for being in time;' though I know'd shaving in cold would put his temper out for the day. Well, it was hurry and drive all the time; and how I got dressed I don't know, for nothing would get my muslin to meet round the waist, and Brown gave it such a pull a-trying as took it clean out of the gethers; and as Mrs. Polling as lives opposite told me as it was always chilly by the seaside, I wore my black velvet mantle, and took a thick whittle as I've had by me many years, and always wore in sickness; and I must say, I'd reason to bless Mrs. Polling afore the day was out, though I thought I should have died with heat of carrying them, Brown being loaded with his great-coat and the basket. Well, we left the key of the house with Mrs. Pol-

ling overnight, and off we started with light hearts though heavy burdens, as fine a morning as ever you see; but, as I said to Brown, 'one as promised a toaster of a day.'

'All right,' says he, 'it's always cool by the sea.'

And I says, 'Of course it must be with that quantity of water always a-running.' Well, mum, we walked on very pleasant, though I did feel a little faint through having took no breakfast to speak on; and walking fast on a fasting stomach is not a thing for to suit me, and thankful I was when we got to the station just upon seven o'clock, and was much surprised to see no one about but a policeman, who says as 'the next train was a-going to France.'

So I says, 'No thank you, young man, none of your French for me. I know what they are, through my own father being near ruined by a party as was a French polisher. We want the 'excursion, nine hours by the seaside.'

'Oh!' says he, 'that don't start till nine.'

Well, I was put out, for it was so ridiculous of Brown not to have known, of course, as it was all nine hours—start at nine, stop nine, and got back at nine. Well, Brown only called me rude things when I mentioned it to him, so I set down on a bench and waited; and the place did seem lonesome and deserted, though there was confusion a going on in some other parts, as I could hear by puffing and screaming of that French train; but them foreigners is always so noisy. Well, I did take the least drop as Brown give me out of his bottle, as he called his pocket pistol, and it seemed to suit me after so much cold morning air, and I set half a-dozing, while we was waiting, and soon parties begun to come in; and there was several ladies with babies, and all on 'em much too soon; but as one lady said, 'Better a hour too soon, than a second too late;' so I says to her, 'Right you are,' as it proved to be, for when we did start, parties was left behind by the hundreds, I'm very sure. Of all the crowds as ever I was in, it was getting the tickets which Brown had gone for;

but I'd forgot to give him the money, and in getting up to him, I had all the rest of my gethers pulled out of my dress, and my shoes trod down at heel shameful. If it hadn't been for some ladies as was plentiful with their pins I couldn't have gone. Well, after a deal of bell-ringing as nearly drove me mad, and shrieks of engines as was awful, we was carried through a gateway as was too narrow for me, and wasn't I abused by parties behind through not having my ticket ready for the young man to nip! and then I was, I may say, swep along up to the carriage door, as had a step that steep, that if it hadn't been for a gentleman as prized me up, whilst Brown pulled-at me from inside, I don't think as I could ever have got up. Well, at last we was off, with a scream as made me jump out of my skin, and I should have liked it very much if there hadn't been so much steam a driving into the carriage, with a nasty smell of something burning; and sparks too as must have come in by the showers, for my black velvet mantle is burnt all over in little holes like a pepper-box; and the way as we shot through archways, and drove along precipices, and went through tunnels as was pitch dark, and deadly damp, kep a giving me awful turns. I felt one of them strike to me that violent, as I was forced to ask Brown for a teaspoonful of something just to take the chill off me. Well, when we got to the open country it was beautiful, though much dried up through a hot summer; but parties as was a-talking, said it was fine harvest weather as we ought to be thankful for, and so I should have been if the dust hadn't been quite so plentiful, through me a-setting with my face to the engine. Well, at last we got there, and glad I was, for really I had been jammed up in that carriage, and I was glad to be out of it, and longing for a drop of beer to wash the dust out of my mouth; and if the two bottles hadn't bust with the heat and deluged the bacon, which wouldn't have signified, only the bread was soaked through and through.

'Well, it's no use grumbling,' says Brown; 'we'll get something soon.'

So off we goes out into Brighton, and when I looks up, I says 'Brown, how low the clouds is, over there.'

'Clouds!' says he, 'that's the sea.'

Well, mum, I was took aback, for it looked for all the world as if we was going to fall into it, or it was coming in to us. I was that parched and nearly a dropping with heat; and as to drink, we could get nothing but some lemonade as was fizzy and too warm, as made me feel quite uncomfortable; and thankful I was for a little drain of something to set me to rights. Down the hills we kep a walking, and how I did wish my velvet mantle at Jericho, for I couldn't take it off through my gethers being out; in fact, my mantle was pinned to me by the ladies, to keep all tidy, and the weight of that whittle was hundreds of pounds. Thankful I was to get to a seat down by the sea-shore, though there wasn't a bit of shade nowheres, and the glare was blinding, and I didn't like to put up the umberella for fear I should draw the rain, as it will do, and likewise the lightning, for all the world like trees, which to stand under is dangerous in storms. Well, down I set, and Brown he got his pipe and walked on a bit; and I was a looking at the sea, and a wondering whatever had come to all the ships, when a party, a elderly man, as seemed to me somehow to belong to the sea, came up, and said 'it was a nice day for a sail.' I says 'Indeed,' but I says 'It seems to me as there's very few ships out.'

'Oh!' says he, 'they're gone off out o' sight.'

'Oh!' I says, 'I thought through its being Sunday, as some might not have come out, as is not my own habits of doing.'

'Oh!' says he, 'no rest for them as toils on the briny.'

'Ah!' I says, 'and thankful we do ought to be to them as labours for us through them dangers, while we're safe and sound at home.'

'Yes,' he says, 'and many meets a watery end.'

'Ah! right you are,' says I, 'for my own godfather was like that, and

likewise a uncle as was a pilot, though he died in his bed through water on the chest.'

So the old gentleman, he says, 'I'm sure you're just the one for the sea, you are.'

'Well,' I says, 'if I don't go out of my depth, I shouldn't so much mind.'

'Law!' he says, 'you'd float like a bird in that little boat, she's as light as a feather, and as dry as dust.'

Well, just then Brown come up, and the old gentleman don't say no more, till Brown asks him if it ain't a blowing outside.

'Blowing!' says the old gent, 'why it's not a capful, as I was saying to this good lady, as wants to go for a sail.'

'You want a sail, Martha?' says Brown.

'Why, of course she does,' says the old party; 'every one goes on the sea as comes here, or else they might as well stop at home.'

'Right you are,' says I.

'Go if you like,' says Brown.

No sooner said than done; the old party catches up my basket, whittle, and umberella, and down we hurries to a boat in which several parties was seated, and steps into it up a plank. There was just room for Brown and me, though I was very much put out by a young fellow as said something about ballast, as made the parties laugh. Well, I must say as I didn't like the grating noise as they made in shoving us off, no more than I did being jumped agin by sailors as was pulling about ropes, and hoisting sails, as Brown called it. So I says, when it's all done, 'I do hope as this boat will stand more upright,' for it kep a leaning over in a manner as terrified me, for I was almost a touching the water.

'All right,' says Brown.

'Well,' I says, 'I hope it may prove so.'

Well, the parties was all a-talking, very pleasant, and a lady as was next me says, 'It's singular to think as there's only a plank, mum, 'twixt us and destruction.'

'Whatever do you mean?' says I.

'Why,' says she, 'one little hole

and we should be in the bottomless pit.'

'What!' says I, 'you don't mean to say as we're out of our depths?' says I.

'Law bless you!' says the lady, 'why you might sink ten thousand monuments, and they wouldn't touch the bottom.'

Well, mum, I could have sunk through the deck, I could, and I says, 'Brown, is this what you calls doing your duty, to bring me in such dangers?'

'Hold your noise,' says Brown; 'it's all right.'

'Well then,' says I, 'do tell them to keep the boat more up, I'm getting drenched,' for the water was a wobbling through a crack near where I was a-setting, and I know'd it would take every bit of colour out of my muslin. And really the sun did seem to be a-glaring at me, and I felt rather a sort of a confusion in my head, and a nasty sinking at the heart, when a young man as was a smoking, says to another as was also a sending his beastly pipe into my face—'How jolly a good swim would be!'

So says the other, 'You wouldn't like a header out of this boat?'

'Wouldn't I,' says the other: 'what will you bet me I don't have my clothes off in half a jiffy?'

'Young man,' I says, 'you only dare to, and I'll have you persecuted as sure as my name's Martha Brown,' for I was obliged to speak; through knowing as Brown wouldn't.

'Don't you hollar afore you're hurt,' says the young man. 'I didn't ask *you* to bathe, did I?'

Well, all the parties laughed, so that I felt, as I may say, nonplussed, and could have shed tears through vexation; but as the sun had gone in, I could look round, and I says, 'Brown, we're a good way from the shore.' But law, he only gives a grunt, and one of the sailors says, 'Yes, we've had a glorious run,' he says.

'Whenever shall we get back?' says I.

'We're going to put her about now,' says he.

And so they did; but law bless you, mum, when we turned round,

the noise of the ropes, and the flapping of the sails, and the way the boat jumped about, nearly frightened me to death, for the clouds was as black as thunder, and a great big white wave come slap all over me, and seeing it a coming, I jumped up, and Brown pulls me down sudden; and the sailors cries, 'Keep your seat!'

'I won't set here to be drenched through and through,' I says, as I felt I was being deluged.

'Do you wan't to drown'd us all?' says a lady.

'No, mum,' says I, 'not likely—life is sweet.'

Well, she'd been a leaning her head down, and when I looked at her, she was gashly pale, and just then up went the boat and down agin, quite violent, and seemed to shiver all over.

'Whatever is the boat at?' I says.

'It's only her play, a pretty dear!' says the sailor.

'Well,' I says, 'I wish she'd give over such play,' for it give me a awful turn.

I says, 'Do for evan's sake keep this boat from going on like this,' but law bless you, mum, they'd evidently lost all power over it, for when I kep a asking when we should get back, they never answered a word, and the heavings of that vessel, and the illness of them as was round me, no human tongues can tell; and in vain I tried to keep myself up with several little drops out of the bottle. My head was swimming, and so was I; for that boat was half under water, and the rain come down intorrently, that it did, with thunder and lightning ablazing all round. So I says to Brown, 'Brown,' I says, 'take me home, or throw me over, anything to get out of this. Why don't they go back?'

'How can they,' says he, 'with such a wind?'

'Why,' I says, 'we come out quick enough.'

'That's it,' says he, 'we had the wind with us then, and now it's dead agin us.'

'Well then,' I says, 'it's shameful a 'ticing people from dry land and happy homes like this, to ex-

pose them to the raging of elephants; but, law, I was that bad, that I couldn't say no more, and was nearly drove mad by them grinning monkeys, with them pipes, as was very grand at first, but soon, I'm 'appy to say, was overtook by a judgment, as I may say, as made them laugh the other side of their mouths. Well, mum, how long that storm raged I can't tell you, for I was that bad as I didn't know nothing, till I felt a tremendous bump, as I thought was a rock, which it didn't prove to be; but us a coming to earth, and I was carried out of the boat, I may say, a dripping and a swooning; and how I got to a little public-house, I don't know, where the water poured out of my shoes like cisterns, and my clothes was wrung out. My bonnet was that smashed, as wear it I couldn't, and the shiverings and the cramps as come over me, whilst they dried me at the kitchen fire, and I thought I should never look up again, and it was with the greatest difficulty, and some hot brandy and water, as I was brought at all to myself; and but for a cup of tea, and the omnibus, I never should have got to the train in time. As to the basket, mum, it was that washed through and through, that Brown wouldn't bring it from the boat; and my umberella had been carried overboard, and floated away before my eyes; and as to my whittle, it was scorched like a ironing-blanket, through the drying, and my black velvet mantle was as stiff as a board. Talk of scrouging and

beat, I never knew what it meant till I was in that train, where we was packed like herrings in a tub; for I had parties that close on me, till I couldn't move, nor hardly fetch my breath; and I do think if it hadn't been through the pins about me, making coming in contract with me unpleasant, I should have been set on by dozens. I thought we never should get to London Bridge, and when we did, it was a lovely night, so the 'busses wasn't crowded, which was lucky; for never could I have walked home, with my gown all draggling about me, and my shoes not a keeping on my feet; and thankful was I to get home, and find Mrs. Polling as had stopt in friendly and lighted a bit of fire; so we had a cup of tea, and there was a bit of cold meat in the house, and I said to Brown when we was setting over it, I says, 'Brown,' I says, 'no doubt as it will do both of us good in the end;' but I says, 'It's my opinion, as a very little more of the sea than we had would a caused my death;' and as it was, mum, I've had a awful cold ever since, to say nothing of rheumatics, which they tells me can't be laid to sea-water, for it never gives you cold; it must have been the thorough draught as I felt in the train. And it's my opinion that nine hours by the sea is more than enough for any one; but however parties manages as lives there, I can't think, for I'm sure in a week I shouldn't be long for this world.



THE LAST MAN IN TOWN.

THERE is something particularly unpleasant in being 'the last' at anything. The last to enter a public conveyance; the last to arrive at a house where dinner has been kept waiting for you; the last to get into a crowded church; the last in the pit of a theatre; the last in a competitive examination; the last to pay rent; the last on the score at billiards; the last when the last train is full.

I have been all these, and am like to be them all again; but I know a deeper shade of misery still—it is to be the last man in town. Now understand me, I do not mean this to be taken literally, for reasons that are sufficiently obvious; but I mean to say that with reference to my own particular 'set,' and to that large circle of acquaintance in which I am wont to walk, I am speaking no more nor less than truth.

One by one the men whom I count my companions have disappeared, and have gone to disport themselves on the moors and streams of England, or to form members of the great army of Britons which annually invades the Continent. In companies, ranging from two to fourteen, the married among my acquaintance have fled from the metropolis. If foolish enough to seek them at their usual dwelling, I 'learn them gone and far from home.'

I rap at some well-known door, and wait five minutes for admission. At the end of that time I am made wiser by the information that the family are at Scarborough, but that Master B——, who, being about to return to Dr. Birch's care, is necessarily absent from his mamma, 'is at home if I will please to walk in.' I do not please to see Master B——, nor to walk in. I turn again into the hot street, and try my fortune elsewhere, but with no greater satisfaction.

I enter the liberty of the Temple, and find it in possession of painters and men who delight in whitewash. I dodge under one of their ladders

and escape into the next court, where I flush a listless porter, or a policeman, whose *ennui* is so deep that he is not to be roused by that which many times has moved me to intemperate wrath, viz., the passing attention of the little boys to the great knocker on the side gate.

Doubtfully I ascend the staircase of a Templar friend, and arrive at the top of his three flights of stairs, only to find a 'sported oak' and no one within it. A piece of paper fastened to the door with a broken pen, informs the reader that a clerk attends daily for a couple of hours, and that parcels are to be left at the porter's lodge. I have no desire to see N——'s clerk, nor have I any parcels to leave at the lodge. The notice has no further interest for me than that it furnishes unmistakeable evidence of the absence of my friend.

At 'The Cock,' where I am wont to dine, on the smallest possible steak for the largest possible price, and where until lately the renowned 'plump waiter' was to be seen in his suit of well-worn black—there is a howling desolation. I could dine at four tables all at once.

The man who squeezes his voice into the order tube at the 'Cheshire Cheese' is sadly out of practice. There is a melancholy about these places which is positively sickening. The pint of 'cooper' with which I wash down my steak is no longer grateful; and the steak itself gives me indigestion. 'Dick's' and the 'Rainbow' are no longer pleasant places to me; they are the resort of casual visitors, whose faces I know not.

I return to the Temple and ascend to my own third pair in — Court. Here too is small comfort. As I come in I find my laundress busied with the mysteries in which she engages twice a day. I know by sure signs that she considers my presence an intrusion. I know, too, that she deems her full pay, which she draws by virtue of my being here, a poor compensation for the

lows of 'confab' she suffers, in the parliament of her peers, plus the want of that precious right to examine all my belongings, which she enjoys only in part so long as I remain.

I come in and sit down to a cup of coffee and a pipe by myself. I prolong the time usually spent over the latest news in the 'Startler,' and conclude, as I read the comments in its leaders, that the writer of them is as I am—a last man.

I finish my pipe, and make an appearance of settling to work. The well-known volumes are beside me, and on the table are the many sheets of paper containing the embryo of that great work on 'The Scintilla Juris in Contingent Remainders,' with which I purpose to astonish the profession. For once the magic of the work is vain—I have no pleasure in it. Charm Scintilla never so wisely, the ears of my ambition and my zeal are alike shut fast. It is clear there will be no addition made to that immortal work to-night. I have arrived at that point in my treatise where it behoves me to consider the subtle question as to the whereabouts of Scintilla under certain circumstances; to decide whether she is to be found *in nubibus, in mare, or in gremio legis*. Of course I have my own opinion about it, but being desirous to-day of informing myself more precisely as to the opinions of other 'sagas' on the subject, I ascended the steps of the library of our society for this purpose. I was stopped by a closed gate bearing an inscription to the effect that the place would be reopened in October.

Whether it was disgust at this rebuff, or whether my indisposition to apply myself welled from deeper springs, I know not; but this is certain—that to-night I turned my thoughts to other things, and took to conjecturing what my absent friends had been doing this day. I pictured in my mind the lissom Jones in Switzerland, covered with glory and perspiration, having just achieved the hitherto unaccomplished feat of getting to the top of some long-named 'Horn.'

No feeling of envy arose in my

mind as I thought of 'the dangers he had past;' no desire did I feel to emulate his noble act, or to share in his glory. An ardent lover of nature, I am content to look on her from

'The valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing
brooks;'

and my highest ambition has been satisfied by an ascent of four thousand feet.

I have admired in their grandeur the giants of the Alps, and have felt them to be wonderful; but if I am put to show my love for mountains by walking up them, then I say—and I say it unblushingly—that Primrose Hill is dearer to me than all the mountains of Jura.

I passed on in thought to where E—— H——, tired of waiting for my promised company, has gone forth on his trip in North Devon.

I saw him at Barnstaple; I saw him at Bideford, crossing the many-spanned bridge which Torridge suffers to curb her. In the spirit I was with him as he stood at Bucksh Mill, and looked from the cliffs, over Morte Bay and Clovelly, and gave my earnest vote in favour of his proposal, at any cost, to get over to Lundy. We walked together through Clovelly Court, and down the stair-shaped street to the little pier-head, where we took the boat of 'The Happy Return,' and went for a bathe. We dined at the odd inn, which we entered from the roof, and walked on in the cool of the evening to pleasant Hartland Quay. We went over the abbey church and through Sir George Stucley's park, and then by the cliff road to Marsland and the church of St. Morwenna. At length we found ourselves on 'the thundering shore of Bude,' looking where the 'Bencoolen' was so frightfully wrecked last autumn; and were debating whether to go on to Tintagel Head and see King Arthur's Castle, when I was awakened to the fact that I was not at Bude Haven, where I would be, but at —— Court, London, by a vigorous knocking at the door of my room.

I go out and find the postman.

clamorous for twopence, the amount of postage due on a letter addressed to a friend of mine, who, having my consent to his name being painted on my door, is good enough to allow me to pay all charges on his numerous letters and parcels.

I take up my hat and walk out. There is no opera; there are few theatres open. I go along 'the motley Strand,' and far from experiencing the inclination which Charles Lamb tells us he felt, to weep for sympathy at the sight of so much life—I am in a mood to feel the full force of the aphorism that a great crowd is a great solitude. People whom I know not, nor wish to know, pass by me, and there is no tie between us save the common one of humanity. They do not even evince the interest in me which it seems the laundresses have. These have long since reckoned me up, and made wonderfully shrewd guesses at the cause of my detention. The other day I passed a knot of them in Brick Court, and heard, as I believe, reference made to myself in the speech of one, who for that very reason I would rather live unattended than engage as my servant—though it is more than probable I was not the subject of her talk: 'He can't. He ain't got the money.' This has rankled in my mind, and like Juno I hide the wound deep in my breast, against the day of my spite.

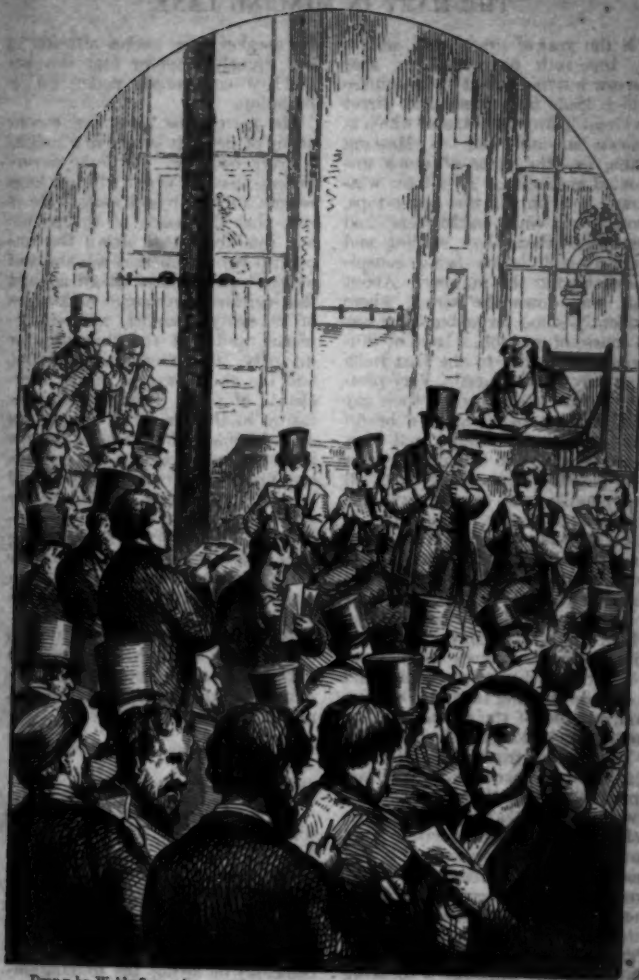
Depressed by the absence of friends; depressed by Scintilla Juria; depressed by the general depression of the few people I meet, and depressed by other matters of

which it were long to write, I return to my chamber and determine to embody my thoughts in a letter to some friend. I bethink me to whom shall I write? What will W—, who is shooting partridges by the covey, at Bury, care about a letter from me? What is it to the acrobatic Jones at Lucerne, that I feel lonesome to-night? How will jolly D—, with his equally jolly wife, resting at Broadstairs after an eight months' innings in the reporters' gallery and the courts of law, 'marvel what possessed my brain' this Saturday night, if I venture to lay my complaints before him at his next breakfast time?

He of the west country will vote me a bore if I plague him with my fancies; and my lady friends will probably fail to understand why, if I find town so lonesome, I do not quit it, as they do.

Thus I find small encouragement in the way of letter-writing; yet my thoughts are such, that I deem it 'better to relate them to a statue or picture than to suffer them to pass in smother.' The bust of the man whose wisdom suggested the last sentence is gazing at me as I write, but looks so unsympathetic, so profoundly indifferent, that I hesitate before speaking to it of these things. And therefore it is that I sit down at this advanced hour of the day, partly to relieve my mind of a burden which is halved by the mere act of writing about it; and partly that I may remind the holiday-making public of how hard and unpleasant a thing it is to be a 'last man in town.'





Drawn by Waldo Sargent.

IN MINCING LANE.

[See "The Mart."]



Drawn by Wm. Burgess.

IN MINCING LANE.

[See "The Magic"]

THE MART IN MINCING LANE.

IN the year of grace 1811, and on the 10th day of June, that narrow but important thoroughfare which leads from Fenchurch Street to Great Tower Street, and which is known far and wide as Mincing Lane, was the scene of much unwonted animation. At all the windows, and on all the house-tops, crowds of eager sight-seers had established themselves, smiling and gaily-dressed ladies being conspicuous among the number. About half way down the street, where evidently some large building was in course of erection, a band of musicians belonging to the East India Company was stationed. Very pleasant it was to see them in their gay and brilliant regimentals, a bright and picturesque group; and very pleasant was it to listen to them as they played with excellent effect all the popular airs of the day, due attention, of course, being given to 'God Save the King.' On a sudden the music ceases, and the hum of expectation is hushed throughout the street.

A procession of gentlemen, among whom are the Lord Mayor and many City magnates, comes into view. They group themselves round and about the building in course of erection, and one of their number steps forward and addresses the assembly.

It is a disastrous time. During the previous year there have been upwards of two thousand failures. Twenty-six banks have been compelled to close their doors. Even now a commercial crisis is only just passing away. Parliament has decreed a loan of 6,000,000*l.* in aid of the commercial and manufacturing interests. Wellington is in the Peninsula fighting against Soult and Massena. Napoleon is thinking over his expedition to Russia, and is as yet all unconscious that he will one day be an exile in the Mediterranean, a captive at St. Helena. He has decreed the blockade of Europe, and the blockade has been telling heavily upon our trade and our shipping. No wonder that

the speaker soon makes allusion to the French emperor and the restrictive commercial policy he is pursuing.

He regrets, he says, the ascendancy of despotic power in a neighbouring country. He feels, nevertheless, that the world will not long remain in its present state. He is sure that the wants of the people will infallibly break down the unnatural barriers mere accidental and usurped power have raised against the legitimate exchange of articles of necessity, comfort, and convenience, and that the character for integrity, the mercantile talents, and the ample wealth of the merchants of Great Britain, will ever insure to them a large proportion of such trade. The Tyrant of Europe is unceasingly casting an envious eye upon our happy island, and longs, but will long in vain, for her ships, her colonies, and her commerce. Then quitting this exciting theme, the speaker compliments the fairer portion of his hearers in language that shows he is poetic as well as patriotic.

He is cheered, he says, by the 'blaze of beauty' he sees around him, wherever he casts his eye. He glories in the honour of being a native of this

'Blest isle with beauty—with matchless beauty crowned,
And many hearts to guard the fair.'

Then a bottle of rum is handed to him, as a British colonial production, together with a bottle of wine, the produce of Portugal, 'our brave and faithful ally;' and these bottles having been broken, and their contents poured forth, sundry other proceedings take place, and the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new building is completed.

The edifice thus commenced was called the London Commercial Sale-Rooms, and in about two years it was finished and thrown open to the merchants and brokers of the City as a central mart in which their

colonial produce could be disposed of under more favourable circumstances than had previously prevailed. Its earliest years were passed amid stirring times. War was not over, for Waterloo had yet to be fought; and even when peace came there was the depression consequent upon war, and for a while the Mincing Lane mart fared but ill. It had been built by a joint-stock company at an expense of exactly 48,538*l.*, but so low did its fortunes fall, that at one time the 100*l.* share could be purchased for 1*l.* Since then the building has vastly grown in size and in importance; and if it is not now one of the most profitable investments in the country, certainly this is not from the small amount of business transacted within its walls.

There is not the slightest mystery about the London Commercial Sale-Rooms; the place is open to all who choose to enter; its transactions are conducted in broad daylight upon the most simple and straightforward business principles. Nevertheless, if you take up one of the curious City newspapers wherein those transactions are regularly advertised, your first impression is likely to be one of utter bewilderment. Here, for instance, is an announcement from the 'Daily Commercial List,' one of many the eye falls upon in the impression of that journal, dated Thursday, July 3, 1862:—

At No. 7, Commercial Sale Rooms.
GAMBIER . . . 1000 BALES.
 FREUDENTHEIL & FRASER,
Brokers.

What is Gambier? you ask yourself. Is it cotton, is it sugar, is it tallow, is it hides, is it cocoa-nuts, is it walking-sticks, is it old rags, is it—? In a word, *what* is it? You look again at the paper. Not the slightest additional information is vouchsafed. The editor does not put a foot-note stating how Gambier is grown or made, what it is used for, or the price it is sold at. He leaves the announcement to explain itself, much as the Editor of the 'Times' leaves those mysteries of

the second column by which we learn that Victor is to meet Amie under the Marble Arch at half-past eleven, and that S. J. C. of 37 St. P—s R—d will find tripe and onions awaiting him on Wednesday if he brings back the key of the front door to his disconsolate Emma.

You turn in despair to other announcements, but only to become more hopelessly confused than before. One firm, for instance, intimates that it is anxious to get rid of '40 bales of Bucha leaves'; and a neighbouring house offers to the commercial community '9 bags of Cape Argol.' Further on you see that '435 bundles of Piassava' are in the market; that '12 bales of Australian glue pieces' are to be knocked down without reserve; and that at one o'clock '11,267 dholls of coir' are to follow the same fate. What sort of a 'dollar' can a dholl of coir be, you ask yourself in amazement, your hair beginning to turn prematurely grey.

Indeed, when you have read thus far you will most likely feel a secret misgiving that the editor of the paper resides in or near the very excellent establishment known as Bethlehem Hospital, and that his organ is specially intended for the select reading public of Hanwell, Earlswood, and Colney Hatch. It is not until you see that other and more familiar articles are advertised in the 'Daily Commercial List' that you regain confidence in that very valuable, and important publication.

And then a new feeling of bewilderment takes possession of your mind. The great bulk of the commodities advertised are to be sold in such enormous quantities that you marvel how any building yet constructed by mortal hands can hold a thousandth part of them.

Thus one firm offers for sale 7,179 packages of tea; another 34,019 Cape sheep-skins, 28,374 Smyrna ditto, and 15,933 Buenos Ayres slink lamb-skins; a third 40,000 canes, 35,000 Malaccas, and 17,000 bundles of rattans; a fourth 100 tons of St. Domingo lignum vitæ and 1,512 Luna spars; a fifth 500 bales of rags; a sixth 1,500 boxes of Havannah

sugar; a seventh 4,000 bags of rice; an eighth 562 casks of palm-oil and 400 casks of tallow; while one house has on its hands 50 tons of ivory, 3 tons of sea-horse teeth, and an elephant's skull and tusks.* Prince Sezhomotolsky's winter palace, which it took a fleet horseman seven days and nights to gallop round, formed, no doubt, rather an extensive range of buildings, but it must have been a mere porter's lodge compared with an establishment capable of holding such enormous stores as these.

It is not until you have visited the London Commercial Sale-Rooms, and inspected the establishment with your own eyes, that the many erroneous impressions left upon your mind by a perusal of the 'Public Ledger,' and other kindred papers, are likely to be removed. Let us away, therefore, at once to Mincing Lane.

We enter a large and important-looking edifice, the façade of which is of stone, wearing a far more cleanly aspect than stone usually wears in the city of smoke and fog. It is eleven o'clock. Business is advertised to commence at that hour, and the very moment you pass the threshold of the building you see that it has already begun; for there, just in front of you, is a semicircular counter, at which active operations are going forward. Pale ale, for instance, is in fair but not large demand; dry sherry is being asked for; limited transactions are taking place in madeira; while chops and steaks are going off steadily.

This, however, is not exactly the business you came to see; and although, when the day is more advanced, you may like to avail yourself of the refreshment-room, which the committee, by a humane forethought that cannot be too highly eulogized, have established on the premises, your present desire is to look over the building, and to see in what manner its commercial operations are conducted.

* All these articles will be found advertised for sale, as already stated, in the 'Daily Commercial List' of Thursday, July 3, 1862.

You mount the staircase on your left, and reach the first floor. Passages innumerable branch out in all directions, and lead to various rooms, each of which bears a numeral upon its outer door. The place is thronged with brokers, jobbers, merchants, speculators, and clerks, who are passing in and out, like bees in and out of a hive, so that you have no difficulty in finding somebody to guide your hesitating steps to the room where the first sale is to take place.

You enter, and find yourself in a good-sized apartment, the seats of which rise amphitheatre-wise one above another, a line of school-desks in front of them. At the bottom is a rostrum elevated a few feet above the floor and provided with sitting and writing accommodation for three persons. It is at present occupied by two, the gentleman who is acting as auctioneer, and a clerk who sits by his side. In front of them on the seats already mentioned, are some seventy or eighty gentlemen, mostly young, each of whom has a catalogue before him and a pen in his hand. They are not buyers; they are merely the clerks of brokers and merchants; and they are here for the purpose of noting down the prices realized. The buyers occupy the bottom seat and a row of benches on the same level stretching under the rostrum and on both sides of it, their backs being turned towards the auctioneer.

It is a tea sale, and business has already commenced. Not an ounce of tea is, however, to be discerned, so that the auctioneer, for any material evidence we can see to the contrary, may be knocking down boxes of lucifers, bundles of bloaters, or ropes of onions. The purchasers evidently know what they are about, though, and the probability of their committing themselves to any such lame and ludicrous commercial transaction as is exemplified in the operation of buying a pig in a poke is slight indeed. For, as the intelligent reader will at once surmise, although not an ounce of tea is visible, what is now being sold has previously been inspected by all who are intent upon buying. The

tea itself is most likely in bond, but samples have been taken from it, and these samples have been examined at the office of the broker charged with the sale. It is much the same with sugar. The broker who has to sell it—and whether in buying or in selling he is generally the intermediary agent between merchant and wholesale dealer—obtains samples, spreads them out upon a counter in his office, and invites inspection there before the sale takes place. Purchasers come, receive a catalogue, go through the different lots, write against each the price they are disposed to give, and when the time arrives bid accordingly. So it is with nearly everything sold at the Mincing Lane mart. There are differences of detail, but the general system is the same, except in one or two special cases. As at the Auction Mart when an estate is sold, not so much as a pill-box full of mould is shown as a sample of the soil, so at the London Commercial Sale-Rooms not a glimpse is seen of the tierces of Cuba sugar, the packages of Assam tea, or the casks of South American tallow which come under the auctioneer's hammer. India shawls and furs, however, are subjected to a different arrangement when disposed of in Mincing Lane. The goods themselves are placed in the room under the eyes of purchasers. Sales of this kind do not occur very frequently, and generally last a good number of hours. In fact, they last so long that it is found necessary to provide refreshment for purchasers, after the manner adopted in the country when farming stock and agricultural implements are brought to the hammer. The sherry which prevails at the India shawl auctions is spoken of in terms of commendation by impartial judges. But let us return to the tea sale.

Business had commenced before we entered the room, and now it is proceeding with tranquil rapidity. There is scarcely any excitement. There are no fussy old ladies of either sex present to work themselves into a state of trembling agitation at the prospect of obtaining some ponderous four-poster at less

than a quarter of its value, or of being beaten in their bidding for a fender and fire-irons. Here offers are made in a very peaceful manner by a mere nod, wink, cough, or grunt. In some cases bids are given in utter silence and by pantomime only. It is thus at the sales of India shawls. Each purchaser has a mode of signalling his offers known only to the auctioneer. Thus one winks his left eye; another his right; a third tickles his chin; a fourth rubs his nose; a fifth blows it, and so on. I wonder whether, when bidding is ended, the auctioneer indicates the fact by standing on his head!

No, there is no excitement at this tea sale we are attending. Most of the gentlemen present would, I fancy, be grateful, however, if there were some. And this is especially the case with the elders. The young men look repelling, absorbed, stern; wearied and gloomy, as young men who have the tremendous responsibilities of one-and-twenty upon them generally look. The seniors, notwithstanding their generally decorous and, in some cases, venerable aspect, carry with them a suggestion of waggery, not to say a suspicion of friskiness. It is no novelty for them to be sitting by the hour together under the eye and the hammer of the auctioneer; and they look, accordingly, as though they would be really grateful for any little incident to vary the monotony of the proceedings. If a stray cat were to make its appearance I verily believe these elderly persons would rise to a man and hunt the wretched animal into a corner; I am not sure that if leap-frog were proposed it would be received unkindly; and I feel morally certain that if the auctioneer were to pause in the midst of his labours, and say, 'Gentlemen, this is dull work: what do you say to a comic song?' a round of applause would follow the suggestion.

As it is, a good deal of waggish chit-chat is going on; mild jokes are evidently being let off; anecdotes are privately circulating from mouth to mouth. Then there is one gentleman who enlivens the pro-

ceedings by uttering a shout, at intervals, as though abruptly touched by a red-hot poker or bitten by a mad dog. It is not a very intelligible shout. It is something between an escape of steam and the compressed exclamation of an omnibus conductor who wishes to inform the public that his vehicle goes to the 'Bank;' but it is understood by the auctioneer, and excites no surprise. No surprise either is expressed when this shouting gentleman offers to toss another gentleman for the ownership of a lot about which there is some dispute; and the tossing duly takes place.

The sale meanwhile proceeds. 'Lot 37,' says the auctioneer, in a tone that shows his scorn of anything like persuasion or wheedling. 'What shall we say for Lot 37? Thirteen? Thirteen is offered. Thirteen a quarter; thirteen a half; thirteen three; fourteen. Fourteen; fourteen a quarter; fourteenpence-halfpenny; fourteen three; fifteen. Fifteen. Any advance upon fifteen?' And he asks this question very sternly, like a man who is determined to stand no nonsense. 'Going at fifteen, then. Going at fifteen. Gone.'

Down goes the hammer; the sale is booked by the clerk; it is booked by the purchasers; it is booked by the gentlemen on the upper benches. Then another lot is rapidly put up; sometimes, when there is no change of price, a dozen lots are despatched in a breath: in less than an hour about two hundred and fifty have been disposed of, each of which represents a valuable chest or half-chest of tea, and the sale is over.

If you enter the other sale-rooms—and there are no fewer than ten in all—much the same scene awaits you, whether it be tea, sugar, almonds, hides, indigo, or drugs that are being sold. The rooms themselves differ in size and in arrangement, but have the same general features—a rostrum for the auctioneer and his clerk, and seats with desks before them for purchasers. Some of these rooms hold as many as 225 persons. The total amount of accommodation that the establishment is capable of sup-

plying at one time, it will thus be seen, is very large.

As for the attendance, it of course varies according to the magnitude of the lots offered and their importance in the eyes of purchasers. Crowded rooms are by no means uncommon; and if competition is keen and speculation active, as in the recent case of jute, much excitement prevails. Ordinarily, however, the sales proceed as placidly and as rapidly as that we have just described. Owing to this circumstance more than fifty have sometimes taken place in a single day. The average number is from twenty to twenty-five.

Before the establishment of the London Commercial Sale-Rooms the brokers used to sell in their own offices; and instead of having one common rendezvous, they were compelled to go from coffee-house to coffee-house—from the Jerusalem to Garraway's, from Garraway's to the Jamaica, and finally to the Royal Exchange, to talk about the business transacted during the day. Now they can talk in the place where business is conducted, can read the papers in a spacious subscription-room provided there for their special use, can even lunch or dine under the same roof if they are so inclined. The saving in time must be enormous; and 'the times is money,' if I may re-quote the elegant and idiomatic English quotation of a contemporary French journalist.

It is very difficult to estimate the total amount of real business transacted at the London Commercial Sale-Rooms in the course of the year. It frequently happens, when speculation is active, that the same parcel of goods passes through several hands before reaching the wholesale dealer. Even when this is not the case no general register exists by which the product of the sales can be ascertained. The figures subjoined, which have been supplied to the present writer, and which refer only to the principal articles of colonial produce sold at the Mincing Lane mart, must therefore be taken with some reserve, although they have not been put

forth without due consideration. They refer to the year 1861, and are as follows:—

	£
Sugar	about 9,000,000
Coffee	3,000,000
Tea	9,000,000
Rice	800,000
Indigo	3,000,000
Saltpetre and Nitrate of Soda	700,000
Ivory	500,000
Cochineal	500,000
Total	£26,500,000

This is merely an estimate, but it is an estimate which excludes a large number of articles that are sold in Mincing Lane; and if it should err even to the extent of a few millions, it nevertheless indicates an amount of commercial business transacted in a single establishment that may well be called enormous. In 1811 our total imports of all kinds were only 26,510,186*l*. What a stride commerce must have made in fifty years!

E. C.

FAGS AND FAGGING.

THERE is a humorous and entertaining letter in the 'Spectator' (No. 597) on the subject of dreams, in which the writer, after alluding to the disappointment experienced by 'delicious dreamers' on awaking from the possession of their imaginary estates—thrones or titles—their successes in love or war—goes on to say that many an honest gentleman has been saved a deal of mental anguish in his sleep by the loud 'Good-morrow!' of a watchman or some of those street cries which doubtless prevailed in our thoroughfares as much in the year 1714 as at the present time. For my part, I feel grateful to a vender of water-cresses who, the other morning, yelled out the merits of that fragrant herb in such sonorous notes as just to save me from an ignominious punishment of my school days—a punishment which I will do myself the justice to say, though I have often witnessed its operation, I never in real life underwent myself.

It was the present Bishop of Bridlington who reappeared to me in my sleep as head master of Eastminster School, clad in those awful robes which revered custom and a royal charter have associated with that honourable position. There stood, I say, this great divine and haughty pedagogue in our rod-room, with the instrument of torture in his gloved hand. There

stood the 'monitor' who had conducted me to my fate; there the wretched fourth-form boy who was to 'take' me 'up' (i. e., convert himself into a whipping-block for my special benefit), and there the rest of my sturdy little *confrères*, each of whom, so long as it did not happen to himself, of course looked upon a flogging as rather an agreeable diversion from the ordinary school routine. All these were in their places; everything, everybody was *en règle* except myself. How I came—I, Jack Easel, who had completed my curriculum, and grown up to man's estate—how came I, with a beard upon my chin, to be brought up for flagellation? Something was wrong somewhere—that was certain. I had neglected my exercise—I had stolen out of bounds—I had been detected in the act of smoking? but why was I responsible for these peccadilloes? Hang it! why was I at school at all? No matter—there I was, and no mistake, about to incur the full penalty of Alma Mater's discipline. The usual preliminaries were gone through. Dr. Stingo had prefaced his chastisement by a well-timed lecture, and then actually raised the rod (a long, elegant-looking bundle of birch twigs bound tightly at one end with whipcord), when suddenly there was a cry of 'Wawtare cresses!'—and, thank Heaven! I awoke.

Oh! the relief to find myself in bed, with a sound skin, hundreds of miles from that hated rod-room, out of the reach of the Doctor's arm! As for the monitor, if he had entered my bed-room at that moment, I could have bolstered him with the greatest pleasure. I was free, then, after all! I had no horrid Latin theme to write; there were no 'bounds' for me, except those usual ones which the consideration of hotel bills might impose. I could really smoke as much as I liked, and defy the head master, even armed with that terrific birch. It was only a dream, then, after all! Hurray! I actually laughed a good laugh, shook up my pillow, turned round on the other side, and went to sleep again.

After all that has been said and sung in honour of youth—of that tender age when our pleasures are supposed to be simpler, our affections more disinterested than later in our lives—I much question whether most of us would care to re-pass through the scholastic phase of our existence. That epoch had its trials, its woes, its vanities, jealousies, heartburnings, and other evils, supposed by certain moralists to belong exclusively to man's estate. You may have malice and uncharitableness in the schoolroom and cricket-field as well as in the counting-house and forum. Is there any envy more sincere than that which Mr. Jones, of the fifth form, feels towards his successful rival, Smith, who carried off that prize for the best copy of elegiacs? Show me a youthful batsman complimenting the gentleman of an opposite 'eleven,' by whom he has just been 'caught out,' on his excellent 'fielding.' Such things are done at a later age, but not in the groves of Academia. Generosity is a matter of education, not a natural impulse. Looking on the question from an epicurean point of view, I consider the *delicia* of school life somewhat overrated. Good moral discipline, I suppose, is good for us at all periods of life, but that dreadful rule-of-thumb existence—the miserable feeling that you *must* turn out of bed at six in mid-winter;

must feed on that huge joint of cow-beef at one P.M. (or dine on oyster patties at the confectioner's, round the corner, at a ruinous sacrifice of pocket-money); *must* be locked up for studies; *must* see and listen to what is utterly distasteful to you in your companions; *must* fag; *must* (I fear) lie sometimes; *must* do all this, or take the consequences,—may have a wholesome influence on your after life, but is certainly not pleasant at the time. I am speaking now of the best form of English education, that of a public school. As for private establishments—preparatory academies for young gentlemen, Minerva houses, halls, and seminaries, proprietary colleges, and so forth, I have no faith in them. There the biggest dunce is the greatest bully; the 'parlour boarder' (whose papa pays some forty pounds extra to allow his son 'all the luxuries of a home,' and the privilege of occasionally omitting an exercise in order to join a 'select circle') is sure to be a conceited puppy or wretched milksop. Any man who has had experience of both systems will be sure to decide in favour of a public school. There is at least a genuine manly feeling, a strong prejudice against humbug in any form, a contempt for quackery and genteel charlatanism, with a wholesome respect for British institutions, civil and religious, which is characteristic of those who have been brought up at any of our old foundations. It is true they don't all attend early chapel in later life; their political views may be modified by maturer years; but, as a rule, and in the ordinary sense of the word, they are gentlemen. If a public schoolboy grows up a Chartist, he will not (in consequence) become a snob. He may be what is called a 'free-thinker,' but at least he will have too much respect for the feelings of others to be profane. Take one little matter, which is really of more importance than it seems to be at first—the giving of prizes. Most of us, at some time in our lives, have been acquainted with a small school in a country town, or suburban gymnasium (near London they give these

establishments very grand names, sometimes). I am not going to quarrel with the quantity or quality of the instruction afforded there. If Mr. and Mrs. Brown really believe that their boys are going to claim anything but a very superficial acquaintance with the sciences—chemistry, botany, geology, &c., to wit—in addition to traversing the whole range of classic literature; to say nought of calisthenics (calculated, as a celebrated pedagogue in the West of England once set forth in his advertisement, to brace the mental faculties and enervate the body), moral philosophy, and landscape painting,—if fond parents, I say, will be so foolish as to believe that all this can be taught in some three years at Clapham or Camberwell, be it so; but what I do protest against is, the ridiculous sham and incalculable injury which is done to the boys themselves by giving prizes of books, &c., for *proficiency* in this or that, regularly every half year. Proficiency indeed! Why, every one of them gets a similar testimonial for something or other: a seven-and-sixpenny abridgment of Johnson's Dictionary for proficiency in writing, or volume of Byron's poems for not being late at church! No, if prizes must be given, let them indicate some genuine success, some real superiority of intellect or application.

If fagging must exist, let it be part of an organized system, and let the relation between the fags and masters depend on the respective position held in the school rank; not lie at the mercy of every tall dunce who, because he can hit out harder than his comrades, sends off smaller boys of less muscle, but more brains, to do his bidding. Some years ago there was an admirable sketch of Leech's, in 'Punch,' which represented Paterfamilias being conducted over his boy's college or boarding-house. A hulking youth, who treated his son with great deference, was represented in the discharge of certain culinary duties at the fire. 'And who is our tall friend there?' inquires papa, with great politeness.

'Oh, that,' answers Master Hopeful, *sotto voce*, 'that is my fag. He brushes my coat, makes my toast for breakfast, and runs my errands; but I give him half my grub, and never bully him.'

This statement, ridiculous as it may sound when uttered by a young gentleman five feet high of a school-fellow a head taller than himself, is gratifying in the evidence which it affords that brute force does not carry everything before it at a public school. Indeed, the system of fagging, if it were possible to prevent its being abused by bullies, is about the most salutary discipline which could be devised for a boy's early life. At Eton, Rugby, or Winchester, hundreds of little fellows arrive twice a year, separated for the first time from domestic influence, cut off from the cuddling and indulgence which bade fair to spoil them at home. They are from all conditions of life, from various ranks in society. The squire's son finds himself in the same 'form' with his father's tenantry; little Lord Squeemynsh is brought face to face with the son of a coal-merchant; the future millionaire or Member of Parliament rows in the same boat with the lad who will be entirely dependent by-and-by on his sword, his pen, or pencil for means of livelihood. No one can doubt that this shaking up of the 'upper ten thousand' with those in humbler station is productive of good to Her Majesty's subjects at large; and 'fagging' at a public school may have, in a hundred different ways, a directly beneficial effect on boys who have been petted, or flattered, or badly managed at home. The young gentleman who, from being his mamma's darling, has grown to be her greatest trouble; the milksop who is afraid to go out in a shower of rain; the timid boy who has not pluck enough to resist the assaults of his pugnacious cousin; or the little bully who is the terror of his sisters,—on all these the discipline of a fag's duty exercises a wholesome influence. When we have brushed coats, made coffee, and dusted cupboards ourselves, we shall know something of

a household servant's duty, learn to appreciate Betty's usefulness, and treat Mr. Jeames with that respect which his service, if not his plush, demands. I cannot fancy a better training for that sort of deference which is expected from a subaltern to his superior officer than that which a fag pays to a sixth-form boy. And be it observed, that *all* have to pass through the same ordeal—lords and commoners—poor men's sons, and little prodigals with their pockets full of cash: no title will exempt, no bribe buy off the greatest of us from that equal fate. Some night, when perhaps I am with Penman (who reports for a daily paper) in the Strangers' Gallery of a celebrated forum, some youthful peer walks in and takes his seat, and we smile as we see him, and remember old days. That illustrious party, maybe, has blacked our boots, or boiled our eggs, or picked up balls for us in a racket-court, not many years ago. I wonder does his lordship wot of old school-fellows behind the latticed screen? or do we, in our turn, when we enter Messrs. Melton & Tweed's establishment, forget the honest scion of that respected house who used to be called 'Snip,' in playful allusion to his uncle's profession, but who was the best oar, and the most generous of giants in the school? We all passed through that dreadful year of bondage—'fielded' at cricket for the upper forms; kept the goals at football; did cook's and housemaid's work in-doors occasionally; got up at five A.M. to call some would-be-earnest candidate for academic honours, who preferred rising at that hour to read, rather than resorting to green tea and wet towels over night. But time rolled on, and at last emancipated us. We had *our* innings, then, while others fielded. We shinned each other on the football green, while our juniors shivered in 'goals.' We had *our* toast made for us, and coffee, and other luxuries, besides enjoying the inestimable privilege of wearing a long-tailed coat—the *togas virilis* of our young ambition.

What the colonel of a regiment is
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to the ensign, what the head of a great commercial house is to the youngest clerk, or my lord bishop to the village curate, so is a senior or sixth-form boy in the eyes of a junior or 'fag.' What an awful personage he seemed to be, stalking up the school steps into his place. He had an easy, swaggering sort of gait, and kept his hands deep down in his pockets—chiefly, I believe, to show that he was not obliged to carry up his own books, that duty being always performed by his faithful servitor. His white choker was tied more jauntily, his 'trencher' cocked more knowingly, than we dared to wear them. When he went out on Saturdays he wore the most fashionable 'cut-away' coats, the most elegant boots and gloves. As for his waistcoats (in those days an important feature of male attire), there was no end to *them*—indeed they appeared to be renewed every week with increased splendour. Then he had a cigar-case of his own, and took Hansom cabs in the most reckless manner. He was even reported to have debts in town, in addition to the ordinary school 'ticks;' and I need scarcely say how this fact raised him in our estimation.

I use the personal pronoun generically, but, of course, the Eastminster 'seniors' differed widely from each other in their private character. When I was in my junior year, Jolliffe, our captain, was as active a young fellow as ever handled bat or rowed stroke in an 'eight.' No one could beat him at rackets, and few cared to encounter his sturdy arm and stout Balmoral boot in the football green. I think I see him now rushing on to victory in a pea jacket, with the ruddy bloom of health upon his cheek, and the little fellows on his side hurrying and cheering on their champion. Once the ball was kicked away beyond goals, right out into the road, and Mr. Tomkins was sent to fetch it. Tomkins was a small boy, in his first half-year at school, and found the object of his mission being kicked about by some half-dozen street cads. To do him justice, he did his best to rescue it, but a broad-shouldered butcher rudely pushed him aside, and seized

the ball himself. 'Hallo!' cries Jolliffe, 'what's the row?' and was on the spot in an instant.

'Here, you sir! throw that over, will you?' shouts Mr. J.

'Shan't!' says the gentleman in the blouse, with a broad grin, and begins to amuse himself again.

Jolliffe vaults neatly over the palings. 'Do you want a thrashing, Mr. Butcher?' asks our hero.

'Yes, if you can give me one,' retorts the cad, putting himself in sparring attitude.

'Take that, then!' says our captain, administering two arguments of a very intelligible character, which laid the butcher sprawling in the kennel (I never saw a man go down so neatly). 'When you want any more, let me know,' remarks Mr. Jolliffe, coolly; and, first lifting Tomkins and the ball into the green, leaps back to join the game.

Such encounters were frequent enough in my day: whether their necessity is now obviated by the extension of polite literature among the lower classes, I cannot say, but I shall always hope that the national art, 'le boxe,' may long be cultivated by our British youth. As long as boys are boys, they will, I suppose, quarrel, and fight, and make it up again at school; but one condition should be made—their differences ought, if possible, to be settled *at once*; or, if that cannot be, and an interval elapses, during which they feel inclined to shake hands, they should be allowed to do so. The deferring a fight for four-and-twenty hours, when both the litigants have cooled down, and *then* insisting on it, as an amusement for the 'upper forms,' is encouraging a low and brutal exhibition, and is moreover often unfair to the weaker combatant, who is sure in such cases to have the right on his side, and perhaps whose indignation at the *moment* of insult might compensate for the superior 'science' of his aggressor.

Boys who have been brought up at home or at a private school, would be surprised to know in what a business-like manner we arranged these trials of skill. Papas and mammas, who have gathered their knowledge of such encounters from

Miss Edgeworth's or Mrs. Barbauld's books, might imagine that the affair consists in a sort of tussle, and that when one of the young gentlemen is thrown, the other one, *par consequence*, remains the victor. Alas! a public-school fight is a much more lengthy and formidable affair than this. Shall I recount the details of those early duels?—describe the ring, the blankets, the bottle-holders, the backers—the youthful umpire with his watch, shouting out 'Time!' at proper intervals, and Masters Smith and Brown doubling their little fists afresh, and coming up, plucky, for the fifteenth round?

You see I am afraid of alarming countless aunts and pretty sisters about their young relatives at Winchester and Harrow—so let us draw the velaria tightly over this arena, and leave the little gladiators alone with their audience.

The masters at Eastminster exercised a sound discretion in winking at the evidence of these lawless tournaments. When young Brown or Smith junior brought up his Homer next morning, with a contusion of varied tints about his eye, Mr. Preceptor only smiled, folded his gown around him, and proceeded with the usual business of parsing and construing just as if nothing had happened. At a private school there would probably have been a hubbub and inquiry—but to what end? This was a sort of breach of discipline which brought its own punishment. After a young gentleman had been thumped about the head, it would have been hard to inflict further penalty on any other portion of his frame. Our Alma Mater was too just, too sensible for that, and wisely left the taste for pugilism to cure itself.

Much has been said and written lately on the subject of bullying at public schools. The magazines have taken it up, the daily papers have taken it up. Paterfamilias has said his say, and twenty voices from our old Foundations have been raised to contradict him. The probability is, that there has been much exaggeration on one side and want of candour on the other. To deny the existence of an evil does not go far

to palliate it. That bullying has taken place to a great extent, does and may continue at these establishments, all who are disinterestedly familiar with their system must admit. But to form a fair judgment on the mischief, its origin and remedy, one ought to have had some personal experience of it. The practical joking which most boys love for the sake of fun is comparatively harmless, but the systematic tyranny of a vulgar bully (often taking the form of bodily injury to weaker boys) is intolerable, and should be put down at any risk.

When I first went to Eastminster I had to endure a course of each. For instance, as a freshman (æet. 13) I was doubled up and locked in my press-bed; tried by a mock court-martial on the most absurd pretence; pinned into one corner of my room by some young scapegrace (I beg his reverence's pardon: he is a doctor of divinity now), who held a red-hot poker within an inch of my face; lathered about the cheeks with a nail-brush and then shaved with a clasp knife. This was all very well, and, saving the red-hot poker business (which, though vastly funny in a pantomime, is not so pleasant in real life)—with this exception, I say, a boy might endure all, and not be much the worse for it. But when a great brute of a hobbledohoy stands over you with a stout cane, the end of which has been ingeniously made more effective by being twisted round with waxed thread, and with it proceeds to belabour your back, arms, and legs until he is breathless, or smashes a hair-brush over the palm of your hand, or makes you hang from the top of a door by the arms until you can hold on no longer, and then kicks you for falling off, or having told you to raise your hands high above your head, plunges his brutal fist as hard as he can hit into the region of your waistcoat—these are methods of torture which, I submit, are not surpassed by the knout in Russia, and perhaps by few acts of cruelty which human nature would devise in Europe. I declare that, not many years ago, these were common forms of punishment at a certain Royal Foundation, inflicted

by young men of eighteen on junior boys—that I have myself suffered them for such trivial offence as allowing a pot of milk to burn on the fire, forgetting to call a 'sixth form' at 5 A.M., dropping a letter on my way to the post, or rowing in a boat not built by the school boat-builder.

To outsiders, and those unacquainted with the regularly-organized system of fagging, the tame submission to these brutalities seems incredible. 'Good heavens!' cries Paterfamilias, who has been brought up—say at Bonn, or at a private school—'Good heavens! why did you stand it, sir? I would have levelled the villain to the earth—I would have had it out with him, or seen the reason why!' &c. &c.

'All very well, my dear Mr. P.,' I answer, 'but suppose this villain to have been some six inches taller than yourself, and proportionably more muscular—suppose that, even if this were not the case, the slightest attempt at resistance would have brought two or three stout fellows of equal rank to his aid—suppose, with their help, he continued his chastisement with redoubled vigour—in short, suppose you were half-murdered in consequence?'

'Then I would have informed the authorities at once,' cries Paterfamilias, waxing wroth at the bare notion. 'I would have gone straight to the head-master, and—' &c. &c.

Ay, there's the rub. Such a course was doubtless open to the wretched fag, but woe to him who adopted it. He might as well have ordered a cab, packed up his trunks, and driven off from the school for ever. In the first place, 'the authorities' would probably have listened coldly to such a complaint, which necessarily must bring to light a great deal which they knew and winked at before. Instead of being regarded as a claimant for justice, the boy would have been hated as a sneak. The difficulty of getting his testimony confirmed by those who were either partisans of his aggressor, or fellow-sufferers who dared not open their lips, was insurmountable. And as to returning to his ordinary school life again after this exposé—the idea suggested such a Tartarus

on earth as was too horrible to be thought of.

And this is precisely the evil which has arisen from the fagging system. It is not because the upper boys are invested with authority that bullying exists, but because that authority is not fairly and accurately defined by those whose business it should be to define it. It may be desirable, for the sake of discipline, that the younger boys should be subjected to some sort of surveillance out of school hours—should acknowledge some deputy of the masters in the cricket-field or on the river; and in this sense the monitorial system, properly worked, might be productive of good. The adoption, too, by each of the sixth form boys (and, where numbers admit of it, the next in rank) of individual fags, by whom they are respectively recognized in a sort of patron-and-client connection, might result, and sometimes has resulted, in a real benefit to the fag himself. For a kind and generous 'senior' will not only forbear to be over-exacting himself, but may be the means of defending his protégé from the bullies of his own 'form.'

The question is, how much and what sort of duty the fag is to render in this service. In former days it embraced shoe-blacking, bed-making, portage, &c. &c. Twenty years ago, the shoe-blacking was omitted at Eastminster, and the young gentlemen were permitted to appoint deputies in the shape of charwomen to wash up the cups and saucers kept for their private use. But we still brushed our 'seniors' clothes and made their coffee, toasted their bread for breakfast, and ran on their errands. I say *ran* advisedly, for an absurd rule existed in my day which compelled every fag, when engaged on these missions, to *trout* in the presence of a 'sixth form.' Sometimes we had to rise at five o'clock, A.M., to call those worthies, some of whom adopted an ingenious plan to prevent the possibility of our retiring to bed again after the discharge of that duty. 'Call me,' roared Mr. Grinder, 'at foive, half-past foive, quarter to zix, zix, quarter-past zix, half-past zix, and so on up to morning school.'

If the object of this arrangement was to preclude the possibility of Mr. Grinder's dropping off to sleep again, it signally failed, for he was always found snoring up to the last moment, with his ugly nose just peering above the counterpane, and even then would mutter out incoherent threats about throwing his bluchers at our heads if we persisted in trying to awake him.

Among other preposterous customs was the appointing one of the fags in daily rotation to be what was called 'watch.' The business of this gentleman was, *inter alia*, to remind any one who had the right to ask him, of the time of day. To the uninitiated, perhaps, the simplest means of attaining this end would seem to be that of placing a clock in each common room, which the 'seniors' might have deigned to look at, even if they were too dignified to regulate their own 'tickers.' But the bare proposition of such a change would have been looked upon as flat heresy, and put down as snobbish immediately. In this case, as in a hundred others, the old conservative spirit prevailed to retain an absurdity; so, when Mr. Jenkins of the sixth form wanted to know the hour, he shrieked out 'Clock!' at the top of his voice, and presently Mr. Tomkins, junior, or any one who happened to be in office, cries, 'Com-ing!' and (after consulting his turnip with great care, for we were obliged to be extremely accurate in our answers) pipes out, 'Twenty-three minutes and a half past one!' The best of the joke was, that as the watches became common property, and were dreadfully knocked about, the 'juniors' (who had to supply them in turn) took care that they should be of the most ordinary description, so their accuracy as chronometers may be imagined.

I have selected a few examples out of a score of time-honoured irrationalities which were identified with the duties of a fag. That those duties did more or less interfere with the ordinary routine of school work was very certain. A boy who sits down to write a theme or copy of verses, or prepare his 'Homer' for the next day, but who is liable to

be called away from his work a dozen times during the evening to make coffee, boil milk, replenish the kettles, fetch his senior's coat, slippers, washing basin, or what not, from upstairs, is not likely to turn out many words in his lexicon, or produce iambs of a very brilliant quality. Perhaps it will be urged, that he does not lose much by the interruption: that he might as well be stirring up the coffee-grounds as bothering his head about Greek particles, and that a little active service in the way of fagging may do him more good than climbing up Parnassus with a dictionary by way of alpenstock. It was, in truth, a weary ascent to all of us, that ancient hill, and I think not many cared to reach the summit. Some few toiled up the rugged slope, and sat down breathless in the zigzag path; but most played amiably round about the base, and were content to hear more fortunate travellers describe its beauties.

When Young France, fresh from the Ecole Polytechnique, asks me (and it is astonishing, by the way, what impertinent questions Young France will ask) whether I think we are justified in allowing Young England to spend some ten years in cultivating the Classics, to the exclusion of more useful studies, I am hard up for an answer. When I first went to Eastminster, mathematics and modern languages were looked upon as 'extras.' It was considered by the boys rather *infra dig.* to take lessons in arithmetic or writing. Things are altered there, as elsewhere, now: but to this day a lad who can shuffle about Horatian epithets until they fit some metre of the Latin poet, and builds up his ode with well-worn synonyms, is considered successful at a public school; and so long as the syntax is correct, and there are no false quantities in his lines, this unpoetical poet gets greater *ædoris* than others whose qualifications are of a more practical sort.

Without digressing from my subject, however, I wish to show that, if fagging is recognized at all, due allowance should be made by the masters for any deficiency which

may be apparent in the younger boy's school work during his term of servitude, or else he should be left entirely and unconditionally free during such hours of the evening as would amply suffice for the preparation of his next day's work; and, above all, *corporal punishment* on the part of the boy should be *distinctly prohibited*. I know of no middle course to protect the fag from the wanton brutality which must otherwise assail him from certain quarters; for so surely as a public school is an epitome of the world, it will be difficult to find a sixth form in which there is not one black sheep. Once trust a vicious or hot-tempered boy with this power, and he will assuredly misuse it on the first pretext. I do not mean to say that the authorities at Eastminster ever openly and directly recognized this licence; but that is not sufficient. Wherever the slightest suspicion of it exists, measures should be taken to check it without compromise, and the first detection of an offender should be followed by his instant expulsion.

The fag should be able to look up to his 'senior' as a friend whose superior position in the school enables him also to become a protector, and to whom he can appeal in matters which do not come under the masters' notice. In return for this service, what reasonable and good-tempered boy would object to brush a coat or two, run to the college bookseller's occasionally, keep his master's 'study' tidy, or field out for him at cricket? I can well remember some of 'our fellows' for whom these little offices were willingly and cheerfully performed—generous and kind-hearted young men, whose good example might have worked wonders in our little community but for the fact that they were in a minority, and could not reform where reform was needed. But they had their credit, nevertheless, and their names are still remembered with gratitude.

A queer old privilege was conceded to the fags, of censuring or praising the 'seniors' at the end of their year of office, and just before they were leaving the school for the universities, in a sort of pasquinade or doggerel rhyme, which the authors

themselves were compelled to read aloud in the presence of those whose characters were thus discussed. This tribunal was held on a certain evening in a dark room divided by a curtain, on one side of which the seniors sat in solemn silence, awaiting the verdict of their youthful satirists, who stepped up one by one from the other side, mounted a table by way of rostrum, and holding a lighted taper in their hands, proceeded to read their verses. One condition alone was made—and that quite Parliamentary in its nature: no names were to be mentioned in these compositions. If a 'senior,' either from some personal peculiarity or other cause, was familiarly known by some *sobriquet*, he might be described by it; and, failing this distinction, the order in which the lampoons were read was sufficient to identify their object. On the other hand, it was made a point of honour among the satirised that they should make no use of their power while remaining in the school to avenge any castigation which they received in the form of epigram.

That these effusions frequently took the form of invective will scarcely be wondered at, considering the relations in which those who received and those who delivered sentence stood to each other. What mercy could the oppressor of nineteen expect from the oppressed of fifteen, when five minutes were given him to retaliate in rhyme for a whole year's list of grievances? We piped out our wrongs and reviled our tyrants in pretty plain language—consigned Jones to Tartarus, invoked the judgment of Pluto on Brown's devoted head, and told Robinson, in stanzas which contained some other powerful adjectives, that he was a horrid bully. But for our heroes—for those who had disdained to turn their power to bad account—who had used their strength to handle the bat and oar, and not to wield the cane—good, generous-hearted fellows, as much respected by the doctor as admired by the boys—for these we poured out sonnets of un-mixed praise.

As I sit writing this, years after that then eventful scene, I remember

those honest eulogies—those sturdy sentiments in feeble metre—and fancy that I have never heard more cutting censure or sincerer praise. I see the little chubby orator with his manuscript, and listen to his declamation. His eyes flash out with righteous ire or unaffected pleasure; the candle trembles in his tiny hand perhaps, but he has learnt these verses by heart long ago, and will read them stoutly. And that blushing youth down there, who hangs his head—(we are outsiders, you know, and can see his face without the taper)—is it for shame or modesty? Is he sorry for having treated little Tomkins so cruelly, or proud to hear his skill acknowledged in the cricket-ground? What will be his next triumph or debasement? Perhaps the world's verdict will reverse this or that decision—will refuse to accept our sixth-form athlete for a hero, and let that scape-grace So-and-so receive a tardy compensation for his work at last. The school criterion of early genius—of youthful morals—what is it worth in after life? Some of our dunces have already won a name—some hopeful prize-men sunken into commonplace nonentities. A few have wiped out boyish errors on the battle-field, and most have more or less belied their former tastes. As for our intimate companions—our old familiar friends in whom we trusted—can we call them friends now, when rank or fortune, or maybe poverty, has stepped between us? When I meet my Lord Stonehouse in Piccadilly, or on the Boulevards, we bow and pass on without further ado—we who used to be such chums at school—who occupied the same bed-room—who smuggled in quarts of beer together—who toasted cheer—But why recall an incident which may be humiliating to the noble viscount's memory?

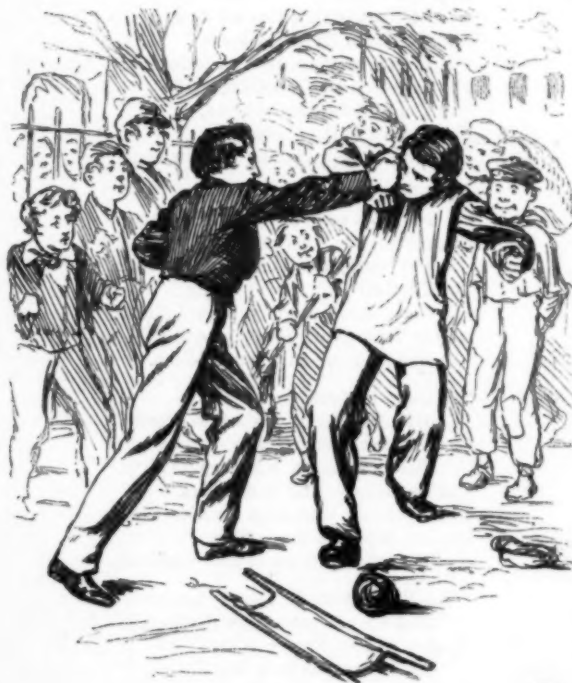
And then there's poor O'Brambler, the Irish painter, author, musician, wit, and spendthrift, who is always in hot water with his landlady about the rent, his bootmaker about that leetle bhill, his washerwoman about that throifling balance—we were in the 'under fourth' form at the same time, and entered for the pair-or

race together. I cannot help it. Tim should be more economical. I am obliged to be so. It is said that where there is enough for one there is enough for two; and if I could only get Mr. Simpson, or that waiter at the 'Cock,' to look upon the matter in the same light, Tim might dine with me at either of those restaurants whenever he pleases. As it is, I am unfortunately charged double on those occasions. I know Tim is the soul of generosity himself. But when he is 'flush' I don't want his champagne breakfasts; I would much rather he repaid me the last sovereign he borrowed. I am afraid it will end by my being obliged to

cut Mr. Timothy, which would be a deplorable result. And I am forced to confess that we cannot all hope to keep up our school acquaintances.

What a long dissertation I have been led into, and all in consequence of my unlucky dream. Dream indeed! What if my awaking from that state of perturbed somnolency should by this time have the effect of sending better folks quietly to sleep! I had better lay down my pen at once. Hark! there is the watercress man again—"Wawtarecececece!" I remember ordering some last night; and here comes Mrs. Kinahan with my breakfast.

JACK EASEL.



HOP-PICKING.

Being a familiar Epistle from Mr. John Burly, of the County of Sussex, Yeoman, to
Mr. Thomas Cockayne, of the City of London, Merchant.

YOU say that you're sick of town, Tom,
Of din, and bustle, and glare,
But you don't know where to run down, Tom,
For London is everywhere;
When Scarborough's sands are dinted
With the patter of cockney feet,
And even Killarney's echoes
The slang of Cremorne repeat.

Belgravia's marched upon Brighton,
At Weymouth is Bedford Square,
And the cits in Ryde and Tenby,
Make houses and beds quite rare.
You long for a new sensation,
You pant for a novel scene,
Then hasten to my plantation
Ere it's stripped of its yellow green.

Away from the miles of houses,
From the acres of streets and shops,
Come down into sunny Sussex,
The county that's crowned with hops.
You'll feel all your spirit glowing,
Great thoughts will your soul illumine,
As you watch your Allsopp growing
And gaze on your Bass in bloom.

'Tis merry to watch the reaping
With the flash of the sickles bright,
Or the wains through the stubble creeping
'Neath the moon of an August night.
But 'tis pleasanter far to me, Tom,
Where the long green branches trail,
The fair hop-lands to see, Tom,
With their promise of good sound ale.

When the air with the scent is laden,
And the tall poles strew the ground—
To gaze on each Sussex maiden
As they cluster their bins around.
With a hand that never lingers,
With a rustic, girlish grace,
With a stain on their pretty fingers
And a smile on the sunburnt face.

HOT-PICKING.

James a Londoner, who has been in the County of Essex, London, in
Mr. Thomas's custody, of the City of London, London.

YOU say that you're sick of town, Tom,

Of dirt and bustle, and noise,

That you don't know where to run down, Tom,

For London is every where;

When Westminster's sands are dried,

With the better of society left,

And even William's school,

The clang of Chaucer's repeat.

Belgrave's marched upon Brighton,

At Westminster is Bedford square,

And the site is still the same,

These houses and beds quite new.

You had for a new mansion,

You had for a novel scene,

Then looked to my plantation,

For it's striped of its yellow green,

Away from the rules of house,

From the scene of streets and shops,

Come down instantly down,

The county that's covered with red,

You'll feel all your spirit flying,

Great thoughts will pour out from,

As you watch your Allcock growing,

And gaze on your Rose in bloom.

The merry to watch the vintage,

With the lead of the wicket light,

Or the water through the strickle dropping,

Death the scene of an August night,

That is pleasant to me, Tom,

When the town from London's land,

The hot-house to see, Tom,

With their promise of good would rise

When the dip with the scent is laden,

And the bell does show the ground—

To have on each summer's mission

As they wander their time around,

With a hand that never tires,

With a rest, which gives

With a smile on their pretty faces

And a smile on the summer's face.



Drawn by Florence Chatwin.

SOCIAL SCIENCE:
A NEW OPENING FOR FEMALE LABOUR.

Engraved by Mary A. Williams.

Boat Song for 1853.

361

And the sturdy workmen stooping,
As they wench from the rich deep soil
The poles with their burdens drooping,
The prize of our twelvemonths' toil.
And then when the twilight's ended,
We sit by the hearth-fire's blaze,
And the old men tell us how splendid
The crops were in bygone days.

Far better than Alpine snowsides,
Or a glance at some sterner land,
You'll fancy our contented gambles
And the grasp of a sweeter hand.
So don't go over the water,
In search of health or life;
You'd better come down to us, boys,
Before our top-polling's time.

Wm. Thackeray

BOAT SONG FOR 1854.

Verse—Two, Quaternary, 7/8.

WOW, ladies, wow!
The drum 3th high.
Pull him, pull strong;
Let the bowmen rush by;
Let it play in my whistles,
And throb with my toe.

Down Wharfedale we go
Low he go.
The gallantest crew of the
By Jove, you know!
While the good cheerfulness
Belongs our boat!

Chorus. Wow, ladies, wow!
The drum 3th high;
And I'd rather than you
At the oar than I;
I'd rather than you
At the oar than I!

Illustration by Wm. A. P. Jones

SOCIAL SCIENCE

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And the sturdy workmen stooping,
As they wrench from the rich deep soil
The poles with their burdens drooping,
The prize of our twelvemonths' toil.
And then when the twilight's ended,
We sit by the coast-fire's blaze,
And the old men tell us how splendid
The crops were in bygone days.

Far better than Alpine scrambles,
Or a glance at some distant land,
You'll fancy our country rambles
And the grasp of a country hand.
So don't go over the sea, Tom,
In search of health or of fun,
You'd better come down to me, Tom,
Before our hop-picking's done.

KING SMITH.

BOAT SONG FOR 1863.

TUNE—'Row, Brothers, row.'

WOW, ladies, wow!
The thun ith high.
Pull long, pull stwong,
Let the bweeze wush by;
Let it play in my whiskers,
And thport with my tie.

Down Wichmond wiver
I love to go.
The pwospect's so splendid;
By Jove, you know!
While the wed Gawibaldies
Ecthite one tho!

Chorus. Wow, ladies, wow!
The thun ith high;
And I'd wather thee you
At the oarth than I;
I'd wather thee you
At the oarth than I!

LOBSTER SALAD.

By a CRUSTACEAN ARTIST.

SHOWING THAT LOBSTERS ARE ALWAYS IN SEASON, AND WHERE THEY ARE FOUND:

WITH FULL DIRECTIONS HOW TO SELECT AND COOK,
AND PARTICULARLY HOW TO DIGEST, THEM.



CHAPTER III.

LOCATION AND HABITS.

ALTHOUGH the subject of my last chapter was but a dream, I am nevertheless gratified to ascertain that more illustrious crustacean historians—Cuvier, Latreille, Bell, and Pliny—go far to prove that, however extended my feverish imagina-

tion, I have by no means, it would appear, exaggerated, as regards the possible size and age to which the animal lobster, admirable gastronomic friend to man as he is, may arrive. I must, however, apologize to those distinguished authors, while I avail

myself of their valuable information, if memory—for I have not read them since I left school—should cause me to err as to the particular information either the one or the other may give. I take them as a body crustacean, and boldly, like the busy bee which gathers honey from each scented flower, avail myself of their brains and quote their rare researches, from which I gather the knowledge that lobsters not only live to a great age, but attain a great size, such as the old gentleman I had the pleasure of meeting in the cave when sitting on the nutmeg-graters in agony of mind; not less as regards the crustacean individuals who stood at my bedside, inasmuch as they have been known to attain the length of three, and even four feet, measuring from the tip of the claw to the extreme end of the fantail.

Permit me, ere I proceed, however, to remark that different countries produce a varied species of lobster, both as to size and gastronomic excellence; that of the Mediterranean, termed *Palestrina*, probably being the largest, yet by no means the most delicate eating. America also produces very large specimens, as does also Norway. As regards their gastronomic excellence, however, I shall treat in the next chapter. That with which I have presently to deal is the *Homarus vulgaris*, or English lobster, most unquestionably not a vulgar lobster, but, take him for all in all, perhaps the most refined and delicate, gastronomically speaking, as it is the handsomest, though by no means the largest, naturally speaking. Professor Bell, doubtless a good judge of a lobster salad, thus describes him as a shellfish:—

‘Body thick and rounded; the cephalo thorax deeper than it is broad, somewhat compressed at the sides; the surface slightly punctated; a furrow separates the gastric from the posterior regions. The rostrum projects forwards as far as the peduncle of the external antennæ; it terminates in a strong point, and has about four teeth on each side, diminishing in size backwards. There is a small tooth on each side, just behind the base of the rostrum. External antennæ with the peduncle nearly cylindrical; its base armed with a strong tooth.

Eyes globular, smaller than the peduncle. Abdomen semi-cylindrical. The segments smooth, terminating on each side in a strong flattened triangular plate. The tail broad; the external lamina strongly divided at its anterior third; the margin of its posterior portion closely dented: two strong teeth at the common peduncle of the two outer lamina. Anterior legs very large, unequal, the larger one furnished with very strong tubercles on the prehensile edge of the fingers, which is irregular; the smaller one with the edge of the fingers straight, and having numerous small teeth; the hands with the inner margin furnished with strong white teeth; and the wrist with a few similar ones. The remaining legs filiform and weak; the second and third pairs diactyle, the fourth and fifth monodactyle.’

The general colour of this animal is a dull, pale reddish-yellow, spotted with bluish-black; the spots coalescent on the upper parts.

By all classes in this country, and by most European nations—at least when they can get them—this species is universally held as a delicious and nutritive food; and the multitudes which are annually taken and brought into our home markets, or sent to that of Paris and elsewhere, render it perhaps the most interesting and important animal in a commercial point of view, of which I shall dilate anon.

These crustacea are taken on various parts of our coast, more particularly from the rocky coasts of the west, from whence, being packed alive in seaweed, they are sent in enormous quantities to the metropolitan market, and to many of the principal cities of England. The period in which this immense crustacean gastronomic indulgence is allowed to the people of England—at least so say historians—is for the most part considered in full force from March to the end of August; a fatal error, unjust towards mankind in general, and the English stomach and palate in particular. The sooner this weak impression is got rid of the better; and I shall do my best to eradicate it by proving that it is an error. And while on the one hand I can assert that during several months of a winter I passed in the United States, almost daily I wound up my repast within the arms of a fresh lobster,

which I consider the most delicate morsel; that is to say, I swallowed the arms without the slightest ill effects to my digestive organs; and I feel convinced the same may be done at home fearlessly.

I may now be permitted to remark that during the latter part of August, and the following month, lobsters shed their coats—denude themselves, in fact, if I may so term it; but the new covering soon becomes indurated, after which they feed ravenously, and speedily, if in health, attain an aldermanic plumpness, combined with great firmness of the flesh, so that in winter they are, in fact, in as high flavour, as innocent of any unwholesome effects, and, gastronomically speaking, as excellent and nutritious eating as during any other period of the year. The nature of the lobster is domestic; he is a lover of home; he is no traveller, no sight-seer; in fact, I may say his existence is in a great measure a stationary one, for he rarely wanders fifty miles from the place of his nativity. Moreover, they are so varied in appearance that although the eye of the general consumer may neither detect nor desire to detect any difference in form or colour, yet it is so decided that a lobster-fisher or experienced salesman can readily ascertain the place from whence he came, and where his breeding-ground. This curious fact is corroborated by Mr. Couch, who states, 'Lobsters do not stray from their haunts, and hence the discovery of a new station is a fortunate circumstance for the fisherman, and each situation is found to impress its own shade of colour upon the shell;' for which information, confirmatory of my own extensive observations, I thank Mr. Couch, and should be happy to offer him a lobster salad.

Lobsters, as all the world maritime knows, are generally caught in pots, and boiled in pots, and frequently potted, very similar to the pots in which crabs are caught, not, however, such crabs as the Eton and Westminster boats' crews catch when practising; but in various places these pots differ as to shape and size; while others are caught

in bag-nets filled out with iron hoops like crinolines; and lobsters have been caught with a hook and line baited with a whelk. Still crustacean historians rather imagine that the lobster clawed rather than swallowed the bait, and, being always courteous, I give way to the learned supposition, merely holding by my own theory so far as to suppose that the lobster, seeing a good mouthful, and probably being hungry, held on tight, and was bagged. Be this as it may, I by no means recommend lobster fishing as a sport as long as salmon and trout fishing are to be had, whatever I may chance to say about the eating.

There are, in fact, no end of curious details touching these amiable crustacea. It is a well-authenticated and indubitable fact that the lobster, as well as many other species of crustaceans, not only shed their claws and other limbs in case of severe injury to them, but voluntarily, on being seized by one of their limbs, the captive member is left in the possession of the captor, while the animal escapes to provide himself with another, which, if not perchance sent to Billingsgate Market unexpectedly, time permits him to do; and it is also well known to fishermen and others practically informed that they will also shed their limbs during a thunderstorm; and even the report of cannon will cause a similar effect. It is, nevertheless, a voluntary act, and in no manner injures the animal, save that he is scarcely so presentable at table.

Authorities, however, in some measure differ on this interesting subject. The gentleman to whom I have already alluded makes the following observations. Speaking of the effects of injuries to the antennæ, he observes—

'That it is an erroneous opinion to suppose that these organs are ordinarily thrown off in consequence of violence done to them and afterwards renewed. I have not,' he says, 'observed this to be the fact; but subjecting the parts to blows or fracture, both in short and long-tailed crustaceans, I have found the creature suffering acutely from the injury, most so when just emerged from the water; but in no case have they

rejected the whole organ in consequence of the violence. If, however, it be violently handled, a separation takes place at the terminal joint of the peduncles in preference to any other place; and from this wound no stream of blood flows, but a fine membrane quickly forms on the surface, by which all effusion is prevented. This preservative process resembles that which takes place in case of the loss of the legs, and for the same purpose; for crabs and lobsters soon bleed to death if the hæmorrhage be not restrained. It is only the legs, including those bearing the *chela* or nippers, that are readily and willingly thrown off by the animal; and in some cases, as in *Porcellana platycheles*, this is not only done on the infliction of violence, but as if to occupy the attention of some dreaded object, while the timid creature escapes to a place of safety. The general method of defence is to seize the object with the pincers, and while these are left attached, inflicting, by their spasmodic twitchings, all the pain they are able to give, the crab, lightened of so great an incumbrance, has sought shelter in its hiding-place. It is by the short and quickened muscular action of the limb itself, and not by any effort of the body or peduncle, that this is effected; as the convulsion will continue for a considerable time after the separation, it follows that the twisting off of the claw, where the animal has seized human flesh for instance, or any other sensible object, is the direct way to increase the violence of the grasp. Any or all the legs may be thrown off on the receipt of injury, but not with equal facility in all the species; for in some, as in the common crab, if they be crushed or broken without great violence, they are sometimes retained, and the creature will in no long time bleed to death. To save the crab the fishermen proceed to twist off the limb at the proper joint, or give it a smart blow, when it is rejected; and in either case the bleeding is stopped. Fracture of the crust at the extreme points of the legs is not much regarded; for, being filled with an insensible cellular membrane, no violent action is excited in the muscular structure, and the part seems capable of some attempt at restoration, at least sufficient to render the evil endurable until the period of a general renewal of the surface.

After the loss of a limb, a considerable time elapses before any attempt at restoration is visible; but under some circumstances the process is much accelerated; and while it is advancing, it is commonly found that the flesh of the creature is unusually flaccid and watery. In the most common species, the first appearance of the new limb is in the middle of the scar, from whence proceeds a soft member of minute size, doubled on itself, but with all the

proper proportions, and enclosed in an exceedingly fine membrane, by which it is bound down.*

The reproduction of the lobster, enormous as it is, would be far greater were not the young destined to become, in myriads I may truly say, the prey of fish of various descriptions, as they are of man; many, I fancy, being destroyed in the fishing operations. And it gives me pleasure to dwell on their fine natural qualities—their paternal and maternal affections setting a bright example to the animal man. Indeed the attachment of these friends to gastronomy by no means ceases with the deposit of their spawn, but continues in a very pleasing and interesting manner much longer than in most animals of a far higher grade of organization. Many fishermen assert that they have frequently seen during the season the old lobsters with their young around them. Some of the young have been noticed at six inches long, the old lobster with her head peeping from under a rock, the young ones playing around her. She appeared to rattle her claws on the approach of the fishermen, when herself and young family took refuge under the rock: the rattling was, no doubt, to give the alarm. This is told by old and experienced men, without the slightest concert or question of collusion.

The Norwegian lobster is another very amiable and obliging addition to the crustacean order of gastronomy.

* The body of this elegant species is elongated and sub-cylindrical; the cephalothorax compressed at the sides; the surface slightly pubescent: the gastric region is armed with seven lines of points, of which the outermost are not more than three or four in number; the inner pair converge towards the rostrum, and pass into a double carina which extends to its extremity. The rostrum extends beyond the peduncle of the external antennæ, and is armed on each side with three oblong teeth; it is ciliated on each side beneath. The posterior portion of the thorax has three lines of small points: a strongly-marked sulcus runs within the posterior margin. The eyes are remarkably large and reniform; the peduncles very small at their origin, becoming suddenly much larger. The peduncle of the external

antennæ is nearly as long as the rostrum : the first joint has a triangular spine at the outer side ; from the anterior margin of this joint arises the broad falciform scale, which extends forwards to the extremity of the peduncle. The basal joints of the internal antennæ are very broad and laminar. The first pair of feet are very long, unequal ; in some cases the right, in others the left being the larger : the arm is slender, enlarging towards its anterior extremity, carinated above and below, and armed with a few teeth : the wrist, which is short, is armed above with strong teeth, and is strongly carinated : the hand is distinctly four-sided, strongly carinated ; the carinae armed with tubercular teeth, the upper in a single, and the others in a double series ; the intermediate spaces concave, and slightly pubescent : the fingers are armed with strong tubercles, particularly those of the larger claw, and the moveable one is toothed on its outer margin. The other legs are filiform, slender, and smooth ; the second and third pairs being didactyle, the fourth and fifth monodactyle. The abdomen is long, each segment being beautifully sculptured ; the raised portions smooth and polished, the depressions covered with a short but dense pubescence. The epimeral portion of the first abdominal segment is small and rudimentary ; the second is very broad and subquadrate ; the remainder are acutely triangular. The tail is very broad, and the outer lamina is slightly divided transversely at its anterior third.

The general colour of this fish is pale flesh, rather darker in parts ; the pubescence light-brown. The length of the body from the tail to the tip of the claw about eight inches—that is, the *Adonises* of the class. It is generally considered a northern species, and is one of the most beautiful of the larger *Macroura*, and, as I shall hereafter show when speaking of it in a commercial point of view, is largely imported into the London market, and considered, with reason, a most delicate and high-flavoured food. Although most decidedly a northern crustacean, and taken in large numbers, it is also occasionally found on the coast of Scotland, and sold by the Edinburgh fishmongers. Specimens have also been sent from the Mediterranean and Adriatic. Yet its general limit is unquestionably northern. Others, however, assert that it is not uncommon on the coast of Berwick and the Frith of Forth, and even in Loch Fyne, which

produces such excellent herrings. So much for Scotland's claim. While Ireland asserts a right, and names the fact of its having been captured in Belfast Lough, as also near Portferry, about the entrance to Strangford Lough, and in large numbers off Dundrum, on the Down coast, whence it is brought in considerable numbers into Dublin, in which bay it is also said to breed largely.

Although the crustacean family counts by thousands from minute animalculæ to gigantic American lobsters, ranging from the simplest to the most complex forms, yet of all the varieties only a very small number are fit for human food—the lobster, crab, and oyster being by far the most distinguished. The lobster has an amazing fecundity, and yields an enormous number of eggs, each female producing from twelve to twenty thousand in a season. When the female crustaceans retire in order to undergo their exuviation they are watched by the males, and if one male be taken away, in a short time another will be found to replace it.

I do not believe there is any particular season for moulting : this varies in accordance with the temperature of the water and other influences. And thus, as I have said, there is no just grounds for believing that the lobster is not always in season.

The mode in which the female lobster lays her eggs is curious. She lodges a quantity of them under her tail, and carries them about for a considerable period—indeed, till they are so nearly hatched as only to require forty-eight hours to mature them. When the eggs are first exuded from the ovary they are very small, but before they are committed to the sand or water they increase considerably in size and become as large as good-sized shot. Although the young lobsters grow quickly, they pass through many changes before they are fit to be presented on the table of the gastronome. During the early periods of infancy and vital progress he casts his shell frequently—at least ten times a year. This wonderful provision for an increase of size has

been most minutely studied by crustacean historians, who state that the additional size gained at each period of exuviation is perfectly surprising, and it is wonderful to see the complete covering of the animal cast off like a suit of clothes, while it hides itself, naked and soft, in a convenient hole, awaiting the new coat of mail. Indeed it is difficult to believe that the great soft animal ever wore the cast-off clothes which are lying beside it, and which appear far too small even to have encased him.

Yet it is asserted that lobsters who possibly have resided in quiet and undisturbed waters do not always cast their shells—at least that for years the moulting has been rendered unnecessary from some unknown natural cause. At all events, lobsters are frequently caught, particularly in America, covered with parasites; and such are invariably considered the most favourable for gastronomy.

Professor Agassiz, of Cambridge, near Boston, one of the most distinguished natural historians in the world, mentioned to me in the course of conversation that he had seen a lobster which measured four feet from the end of the tail to the tip of the claw. It was caught in Boston Bay, and weighed 22 lbs. I asked the learned professor if the flesh of such a monster was pure and delicate, while a slight shudder came over me in recollection of my dream. I was about to sleep in Boston, and in the briny ocean which laved its shores there might be thousands as large, or larger still, waiting their time to add to men's gastronomic tastes; indeed, as I passed homewards in a city car, when crossing a bridge I beheld in large letters—'Lobsters Sold Wholesale and Retail.' I had then cast my lot unknowingly in a city where this noble crustacean was sold by the million. I scarcely slept that night. I trust the kind-hearted professor will pardon the apparent bad taste of mixing his world-wide reputation up in so 'frivolous' a question, but really I can scarcely imagine a lobster of size and weight such as I have men-

tioned being gastronomically fit for use, save for sauce, risoles, or patés, inasmuch as he must have attained the great and uneasy size from artificial nourishment.

Again, when speaking of the immense size lobsters are known to attain, I find in a most elegant and agreeable work, particularly for lovers of the aquarium, entitled 'Life Beneath the Waters,' by Arthur M. Edwards, of New York, the following remark:—

'Our common lobster, *Homarus Americanus*, can also, when young, be used as a denizen of the aquarium. This species has not, until lately, been well distinguished from the lobster of Europe. It attains a much greater size than the latter, and is, perhaps, the largest amongst the crustacea, as it sometimes attains the weight of twenty pounds; and Dr. De Ley mentions one of thirty-five pounds. They are found on rocky coasts, for instance, the Long Island, at Hurlgate, or, properly spelt, Helle Gat, in plain English "Hell Gate," so called from its being a kind of Scylla or Charybdis.'

CHAPTER IV.

ALWAYS IN SEASON.

Now let us turn for a while from dreams of feverish alumburs and facts of natural history to those of gastronomic indulgence variously afforded for the pleasures of man by the animal Lobster.

I have heard a little historiette in reference to a lady who, on entering a bookseller's shop, remarked that she had just had 'Crabbe's Tales,' and thought them excellent; whereon another lady present, hearing the observation, on the departure of the speaker with much simplicity asked the good man, with a grave face, if he could tell her how the crab's tails were cooked, as she should like much to taste them. Now had the good lady's query referred to lobster's tails her question would have been decidedly gastronomical: they are excellent, and may be treated in various appetizing and artistic culinary modes, on which I shall dwell largely in a future chapter. Meanwhile, I have said that the eating world at large are erroneously taught to believe that the lobster is only in gastronomical season

from the 1st of March to the 31st of August—in fact, that such period only is the time when the immense sacrifice to crustacean gastronomy principally takes place, by which they lose nearly six months of untold enjoyment. It is, I maintain, a grave error, and the sooner corrected the better for the interiors and palates of mankind in general, and for all connected with commerce crustacean. As I have previously observed, that although, during the latter part of August and the commencement of the following month, lobsters shed their coats, as they do I believe at other periods, the new ones nevertheless soon become indurated, after which time they feed ravenously, become plump and nutritive, and are, in fact, soon in a condition to be ravenously fed on themselves; and thus during the winter they are probably in as high flavour and as sanitary as during any other period of the year—ay, even during those periods when in most request in merry England, which meaneth on or about Epsom, Ascot, and Hampton race weeks, Thames Yacht Club matches, Richmond and Twickenham *déjeuners* and pic-nics, when the so-called *élite* of England's aristocracy—which by no means always includes a lord—gather together in the west of the great City of London to eat, drink, and be merry, regardless of indigestion and expense. Moreover, at that solemn, 'instructive,' as well as hilarious season of the year, when our illustrious hereditary senators and members of the Lower House gather together, bursting with sparkling wit, genius, and energy, to make laws and decide vital questions of state policy, the time occupied in which many of them no doubt think—and I quite agree with such—would be much more agreeably spent in devouring lobster salad.

Our excellent friends and allies across the Atlantic, who for the moment do not consider us precisely as angels, are wiser in their gastronomical generation. And although the Congress men, who eschew titles, yet are all Honourables, do not meet to enlighten the

world at the period of the year when the fresh-mown hay casts its perfume over the nation of 'almighty dollars'—that august assembly gathering together in mid-winter—yet do they eat lobsters and lobster salads and mayonnaise to an amount that would astonish our less progressive and less enlightened people at home. Lobsters, my readers, believe me, are swallowed, and swallowed with gusto, and seasonably so, by the assembled men of genius at Washington, as by the dollar-converting Croesuses of New York, diurnally from the 1st of January, commonly called New Year's day, until the 31st of December.

Admit I do, however, and admit frankly, that a May and early June lobster, on or about the time when lettuces are crisp and fresh, is most meritorious and cooling to the human interior. Moreover, when cows feed on luxurious grass, and consequently produce thick, luxurious cream, a lobster salad, or any other lobster gastronomy, may be eaten with feelings of indescribable pleasure. And I am equally aware, though I by no means admit the preference, that oil, which often takes the place of cream in winter, is unquestionably the addition *par excellence* that ought to be used in all lobster concoctions. Cream is always to be preferred, but, as we all too well know, not always to be had in purity; therefore oil is for the most part used. First-rate oil is also very difficult to obtain, consequently, however good and fresh the fish is, it is invariably destroyed, both as regards its aroma and succulence, by bad oil, at times intolerable oil, only fit for a street lamp. But were I to select that period of the year above all others for a calm and refined discussion of the culinary merits of the rosy crustacean, I should without hesitation name the end of August or first week of September at the sea side. When, where, and how to be discussed, I shall mention presently.

I have told you that almost the whole coasts of Great Britain and Ireland produce this admirable shell-fish. I shall tell you of the many

thousands which daily reach the market at Billingsgate from the coast of Scotland, i. e., Orkney and the Shetlands. I shall also tell you of the thousands which arrive from Norway, as of the immense number daily consumed in the United States of America, Canada, France, and the Mediterranean; proof, if proof were required, to substantiate their inestimable merits as human food, as of their unquestionable qualities as a gastronomic indulgence; but of all the lobsters thus produced, born, boiled, fattened, and eaten, I give the preference to the *Homarus vulgaris*, or lobster of Old England; and I have tried them all under every phase of culinary art and gastronomic concoction.

The London lobster, so called, as purchased in the metropolis, varies greatly. They are seen in almost every fishmonger's shop, boiled or alive, in their natural purple colour as when taken from their native element, or in the crimson or scarlet dress produced by contact with boiling water. You see them, I say, alive, and therefore most persons never question their freshness, and fresh to a certain degree they are. You handle them, and observe their black berries, or eggs, in abundance, which, when boiled, mix so prettily and pleasingly in a lobster salad, or decorate so elegantly the back of a turbot. You feel that were the pegs which hold fast their naughty, pinching claws removed, you would be practically reminded of what I suffered in my dream. You imagine the creamy substance of their interiors, as of their luscious claws and thighs; you revel in gastronomic ideas of their nutritious tails, and almost bite your fingers in the anxious expectation of the pleasure their eating is about to afford you. I admit the fact: there are fresh and excellent lobsters to be had in London, and, no doubt, those claws unpegged would still pinch most unpleasantly; yet such lobsters, believe me, even in their admitted excellencies no more reach the high and admirable gastronomic treat which others that I shall name produce, than does a tough leg of

ill-cooked mutton compared with one well selected, long hung, and artistically roasted.

The why is simply as follows: packed in seaweed the moment these animals are taken from their native saline element, they are despatched in tens of thousands either in vessels with caves prepared for the purpose, or in baskets, to the London market; and as long travelling has enervating effects on the human form divine, so has it in a far greater degree on the lobster: they live freely amid the succulent and refreshing seaweed, and arrive at their destination alive and kicking—that is, in a lively state; consequently claw with their claws, and play with their tails, or would be enabled to claw but for the pegs, which injure and reduce them in weight, for they soften, and become fatigued, and thus lose much of their creamy delicacy; in fact they become *blasé*, as it were, and, in a measure, faded. And although here and there a robust lobster of mature age and good constitution may endure and deceive the most acute observer of their merits, they rarely long remain so, and never regain the energy and firmness of flesh which they possess when first taken from their native element. They have, alas! only to submit calmly to their fate, which means be boiled alive, sold, and eaten.

Now I must admit that I know of few ordeals more disagreeable than that of dining alone. Sooner would I undergo the detestable nuisance of dining with a millionaire, who, for the most part, believes that money makes a gentleman, and carries with it the innumerable virtues necessary to create that pleasantest of companions—save a lady—both rare. A millionaire may become so in an hour, and be beggared in another. A gentleman of high breeding by nature or birth may become a beggar, but he never loses caste. On the other hand, I would almost say that one of the greatest pleasures in life—that of enjoying an artistical repast, with genius displayed on and around the table in a limited amount of dishes

and guests—is too often converted into an unpardonable, insufferable annoyance by bad cooking; and certainly I should never have penned these chapters, large and valuable as I know the subject is to the world in every sense, were it not that that I desired, at all events, every reader of 'London Society' should be well instructed in the gastronomical merits of the lobster, so as to be enabled to share with me its many unquestionable excellences.

A lobster taken from the Mediterranean Sea, whose tideless waters appear to want that saline freshness necessary to bring its flesh to perfection, has always been to me 'Hobson's choice'—that is, I eat it when I cannot get another. But the selection of a lobster is the study of a life, which requires practice of the eye, fine discrimination, gastronomic art, and acuteness of taste. Let me, however, lead you to some spots teeming with unparalleled natural beauties in our own little island, with which I am practically acquainted, and which I love full well, where the fish may be had to perfection, with all the other enjoyments offered to an observing mind and a lover of God's glorious works. You will there get fresh air and exercise conducive to happiness and appetite, and a good digestion, which gives health, surrounded by fine scenery and outdoor recreations, and be permitted to eat your lobster in every phase of excellency, combined with little expense; no nightmare, but calm, refreshing sleep induced by rural and intellectual pleasures. Come with me, I say—I invite you to a lobster salad—amid scenes of the fairest in all the blush of lovely autumn tints. It mattereth little whether we proceed at first to the Hampshire coast—the lobsters, as the prawns of Christ Church, are renowned. We will thence onwards to Bournemouth, and having traversed a portion of England's coast southwards, settle down for a week at the little rural hostelry called the 'Carey Arms,' at Babbicombe Bay, near Torquay. There you look forth from your window on the ocean's grand expanse, with

the lively coast of Devon—embracing Teignmouth, Dawlish, Exmouth, with Sidmouth in the far distance—on your left, and the glorious open sea before you, in which matutinally you ensconce yourself, and, beneath, the calm, bright, rocky, and charming little bay called Babbicombe, from which you may witness, ere you breakfast, the lobster-pots taken from the briny water, and with your own hand select the crustacean animal—being careful of its claws—on whose nutritious flesh you purpose to indulge, while the fair companion of your holiday trip—for female society is always acceptable under such circumstances—in her light but elegant costume of bright summertime, wanders like a fairy into the modest hostelry garden, and with her delicate hand cuts from its stem the crisp and yellow-tinged lettuce which forms the luscious salad of the afternoon or evening repast; while each morning as you rise you hear the lowing of the cows in the neighbouring pastures, which produce the cream necessary for the perfect melange of condiments which produce the appetizing sauce of the salad itself.

In other days, that gem of our ocean, the Isle of Wight, was a spot, *par excellence*, selected for lobster indulgences; and as far as the charming little hostelries of Shanklin, Bonchurch, Ventnor (fresh-water bay) are concerned, as also a place called (formerly at least) Crab-Kington, and various other spots where, as far as natural beauties are concerned, man, in his eagerness to improve, and his eagerness for gain—which means to destroy—not having quite fulfilled his mission, there are still various charms to be met with, offering calm retreats to the sick, fresh air of the purest, and delightful summer pursuits of the pleasantest, far from the noise and excitement of the great Babylon. And it was—but, alas! no longer is—that at one and all of these lovely spots in other days shell-fish of all descriptions were to be had in abundance in all their natural excellence and perfection. But now—and I de-

plore to write it—though Devonian and crustacea stand their ground tolerably profusely—save on rare occasions where good luck or a bribe enables you to procure a lobster, or, in diplomatic language, when double its former price induces a fisherman to spare you a lobster—you would imagine that the glorious sea which laves the island had ceased to produce them. And why? No sooner does this admirable shell-fish quit its native element, or, I should probably say, its breeding-ground, than it finds its way by thousands, packed in seaweed, across the narrow channel which divides the island from Portsmouth or Southampton, thence they are sent by railway to the London and the inland markets for the benefit of the inward man of those who reside in great cities. Railways, and steamboats, and steam-power have effected all this. Do not let me be uncivil, and say confound them, for they are unquestionably agreeable time-servers; but if report speak truly, railways are about to do far more injury to the beautiful island than that of taking away all their lobsters, by tearing up the land where hitherto the myrtle and rhododendron have flourished as they flourish at few other places, and at few other seasons of the year, cutting through the lovely works of nature for the benefit or ruin of commercial speculators, who have already claimed the lobsters, ay, and the crabs and the prawns also.

Well do I recollect, in the cheerful days of my boyhood, when I was wont to rise with the sun during the joys of the holidays in brilliant summer-time, towel in hand, to rush down what is called Shanklin Chine—now the resort of half the amiable commercial gentlemen of London—to plunge into the delicious ocean on the soft sands of that charming bay, equal in purity, if not surpassing any other in the world. The refreshing matutinal bath over, ten minutes' converse with one Prouton, who still lives, but not to catch lobsters—the most moderate outlay produced, without bargaining or persuasion,

lobsters heavy and well flavoured, of female gender the best, fresh from their native waters, to be forthwith immersed in a pot of cold sea-water, and boiled. The very recollection of those lobster-breakfasts, with a sixteen-year-old appetite, has ever since caused me to love this crustacean food, and that love, engendered rather than weakened by much travel and constant contact with the most refined gastronomy, rightly appreciated, and discreetly enjoyed, instead, as some would believe, of inducing a gross propensity, has only caused me to look on gastronomical art, as connected with the lobster, as human food, and all other foods, rather as a refined and intellectual taste than otherwise, which in delicate minds only can attain to full perception. With these sentiments I feel that the benefit I am now conferring on the readers of 'London Society' is worthy of all gratitude on their part.

Alas! these lobster-feasts at Shanklin, Ventnor, and Black Gang Chine pass across the memory as pleasant dreams of the past, never to recur. Those delicious lobster salads mixed by fair hands on the greensward beneath luxuriant foliage, with distant views of the sparkling ocean, speckled over with white sails, live only as pictures of Watteau: the scenes retain their pleasant outlines on the brain as in the heart—the fact is no longer attainable.

After the lapse of some years, I was induced, during a pleasant month of early autumn, once more to visit some charming spots, so sacred in memory as the joyous scenes of my boyhood, in this lovely Isle of Wight—a visit I never can regret—never forget; but in so far to deplore the miserable changes I beheld all around and about me—painful to all lovers of nature—pitifully and inexpressibly regretful. Ventnor rivals Brighton in the number of houses, expense of living, and beats it out of the field in what may be vulgarly termed liberty of the subject—which simply means low-bred vulgarity—and the aristocracy of wealth. Thus the butcher who

revels in his gains from those he insults, scarcely deigns to cut a mutton chop for a simple lady or gentleman, or a greengrocer to sell a cabbage.

But let me pass over these puerile disagreeables and return to crustacean converse. All the lobsters caught at the places I have named are now sent to London. The morning subsequent to my arrival in Ventnor I called at a fishmonger's shop, not very splendidly appointed, and ventured very civilly to ask if he had any lobsters or crabs, mackerel or whiting, taking it for granted they were to be had as abundantly as of yore; and I had been looking forward, I confess, as I travelled westward, to a renewal of those delicious lobster-claws and thighs which, at a former period of my life, I had enjoyed in such excellence and abundance. Indeed, I had been half inclined to bring a hamper of crisp lettuces from my home garden, and a bottle of cayenne from Morell's. With some difficulty I obtained a reply, which came with half a grin at my ignorance. 'We have none at present; if you call about mid-day (I had gone forth in early freshness of morning) maybe we may have some lobsters and salmon.' This was the end of the London season. I had eaten salmon daily for a month past, and now had come to Ventnor to be offered more. 'Shall I send you a fish?' said the man. I thanked him courteously, as I imagined, declining the salmon; and in my dullness observing that twelve was a late hour for the fishermen to come in. 'Fishermen come in!' he replied; 'why, we never gets no fish of no sort here, save a few crabs or whiting pout. It all goes to Southampton and Lunnun, and returns by the train to Portsmouth, and then by coach to Ventnor. The lobsters are all bought up for the Lunnun market before they be caught; we never gets any here, save they comes from Norway.'

I turned away in sorrow and disgust.

Nevertheless, not wishing to be done out of my lobster salad, the day being charming—I wish some of the English grumblers about climate would travel as I have, and find out that it is the best in the world—I hired a carriage at an exorbitant price, lighted my Havannah, and, reclining on the cushions, drove to Shanklin—the lovely Shanklin of my boyhood's dreams—determined, if possible, to ascertain whether Pronton still lived, and if he lived, whether he caught lobsters. Arrived, I looked around me: Nature's beauties still held their sway. The little church, embosomed in trees, where, in my earliest youth, I had knelt beside a beloved parent, was happily untouched. The roses and honeysuckle still clustered on many a cottage door. But, alas! Shanklin of to-day and the Shanklin as I had known it were as much alike as St. Petersburg and Portsmouth. For an hour I rambled amid scenes once so familiar, now as it were utterly unrecognizable, ere I found the domicile wherein my summer holidays were, for three or four years, so joyfully passed—so encased was it in trim shrubberies and overgrown trees—so surrounded by cockney 'willas.' At last I made my way down the Chine, which is still a chine in natural beauty, though man has done his utmost, in his miserable vanity and desire for gain, to embellish that. And at last I found the little hostelry of other days half way down to its lonely shore; and, ah!—joy as I had known and seen in days past—rosy lobsters lay in a dish on a bench by the house. At once I seized my prey; but, alas! they were two small and miserable specimens of the crustacean tribe. On inquiring for larger ones, the reply was 'These are all we now get; the good ones are sent to London.'

(To be continued.)

SHOP.

(ILLUSTRATED BY C. H. BENNETT.)

IT may be that some future Darwin in his great work on Sociology will endeavour to indicate the origin of classes, instituting a theory of natural selection by which the various orders in the great scheme of civilization are continually developed, until the pristine 'cad,' whose latent instincts only suffice for the continuation of his daily wants, rises by not easily perceptible gradations to the summit of mundane ambition, and curls his ambrosial whiskers in the roseate atmosphere of undoubted swiftness.

It is true that there are not wanting instances of developments so rapid that the ordinary inquirer has imagined he has discovered the material process by which the changes in such individual conditions have been effected. Some bold theorists, standing, as it were, on the margin of the science, have judged, with the ancient alchemists, that the same operations which effected the transmutation of substances into gold led still further, and by a more subtle process, to the discovery, within the same elements, of the means by which the gold itself should be refined into an auriferous elixir conferring upon its fortunate possessor those charms and graces necessary to his entrance into 'life,' and enabling him to pass unchallenged the grim sentinels who guard the threshold of society.

With merely speculative opinions, however, we have nothing to do; and, indeed, in the present stage of inquiry, awaiting the Man and the Book which shall profess to clew up the scattered ravellings of observation into a less tangled skein of thought, scarcely more need be done than patiently to collect examples of such species as are known to be separate links in the great social chain, and faithfully to note their instincts, habitudes, and peculiarities. Thus, contributing to the progress of truth, we may humbly regard ourselves as the apprentices who, having prepared the ingredients in the great scientific kitchen,

leave the more sublime combinations to the illustrious *chef*, who with consummate dexterity unites them into an harmonious whole. The great tradesman class of the community presents so many varieties that it is only possible to designate a few of the individuals who characterize its broad division into species, and as a general representative of that 'nation of shopkeepers' who stood, a solid rampart of flesh and blood, against Imperial despotism, and so moved its fear even more than its scorn, we accord the parochial magnate the first place in this part of national history.

In that massy, broad face and heavy jaw the First Napoleon might well (had he been acquainted with the type) have read a determination which was akin to his own, but the more doggedly inflexible, inasmuch as it set itself to the protection of the till, which would have been emptied of its last guinea rather than it should be unlocked by unauthorized hands. That is to say, by hands not authorized by Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the British Constitution, and that combination and reflection of all these, known as the Vestry.

A representative of this class may be discovered in any quarter of London from Shoreditch to South Kensington; but whatever may be the business in which he is engaged (say the oil, tallow-chandlery, and Italian line), he is generally found in a neighbourhood where the extremes of wealth and poverty meet: at some point where squares run into back streets, or broad streets diverge to shabby and dilapidated backgrounds.

Here, or in localities inhabited only by shopkeepers, and poor but ready-money customers, he grows in substance; waiting, if need be, until his anticipated honours come upon him, and he is requested to stand for churchwarden, overseer, or chairman of the local board.

This has been his great ambition, secretly cherished since his boyhood

at the parochial school of Saint Candlewick the Less; and to the fulfilment of the duties of such a station he brings a practical common sense which may, in a measure, compensate for certain educational deficiencies, principally affecting him in his oratorical character at those meetings in which he finds it necessary to assert his independence.

He is never ashamed of his trade—not he—and not being ashamed, he is neither foolishly servile nor offensively independent to his customers. He may, in the plenitude of his means, take a modest house a little way out of town, but not till his son, if he have one, is able to mind the shop, which he will never completely forsake. His 'public duties' stand in the place of recreation, and to them he brings all the energy which is no longer needed to insure his success in trade. His maxims are three:—'Honesty is the best policy;' 'Business is business;' and 'England expects every man to do his duty.'

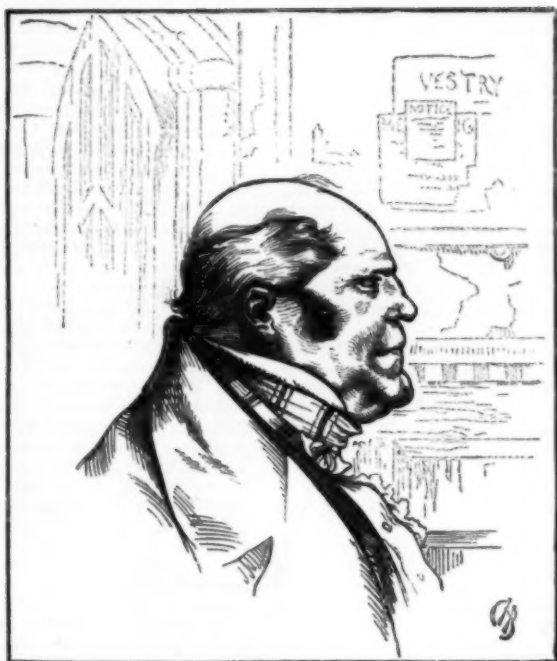
It is doubtful whether he can ever be brought to regard able-bodied paupers with much toleration. They raise the rates and occupy a space in the Union which was never intended for them; but that apparently inflexible and even forbidding sternness is an expression of countenance necessary for the production of a salutary awe in the pauper mind. The scowl relaxes not unfrequently; and many a shilling from that shining fist has helped the weak and old, who know that 'Master looks a hard sort o' man,' but still that 'his heart ain't fur from the right place, bless yer.' Ten to one but he sends in half a crown's worth of hot cross-buns on a Good Friday for the workhouse children; and he has been known to vote for their being taken to see the wonders of Astley's travelling circus when it pitched in the waste field near the Union yard.

Perhaps he may be accused of taking an inordinate pleasure in asking abstruse questions in arithmetic of the boys in the school—questions less terrible in themselves than by the portentous severity with which he regards the urchin who fails to pounce upon the answer.

They are mostly of a commercial nature, and refer to the number of herrings to be purchased for two-pence at the rate of one and a half for three halfpence, or to eggs at mixed prices being sold at the score, to the advantage of some astute dealer; but he believes in play, too, and sees that balls and tops are among the little properties of the Blank workhouse ward.

It is ill for the contractor who supplies bad beef or flour or potatoes to the Union Board, of which he is a member. Even for a British pauper to be cheated out of his lawful meals rouses all the lion within him; and the next vestry meeting will witness an explosion which will make the ears of the fraudulent purveyor tingle again. In the same spirit he tastes the soup, punches the bread with a fat forefinger, smells the routine gruel, and is down upon every neglect of duty as an insult to 'the Board.' He is always re-elected—as indeed he well may be—for he works harder than any other member of the vestry; and when he at last retires into private life is presented with a piece of plate by the parishioners in grateful recognition of his public services.

Of a very different organization is our friend the cheesemonger in the next street. No ambition beyond his butter-tubs excites his enthusiasm. He, too, is not ashamed of his trade. Why should he be? It has never entered his head to be ashamed of it. There he is, a cheesemonger with a comfortable connection,—as much as he could ever hope to aspire to. Should his children feel any hankering after gentility, he scarcely thwarts their inclinations; but it is his opinion that they 'never can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' and he keeps out of the way of their attempts to sink the shop. Even should his eldest son go wrong, and become extravagant, he will bear with him in much-enduring patience, so that he is treated with any decent respect. But his eldest son seldom does go wrong; he more frequently sticks to the business; and when he marries, which is early in life, opens another establishment in a distant quarter of the town. He



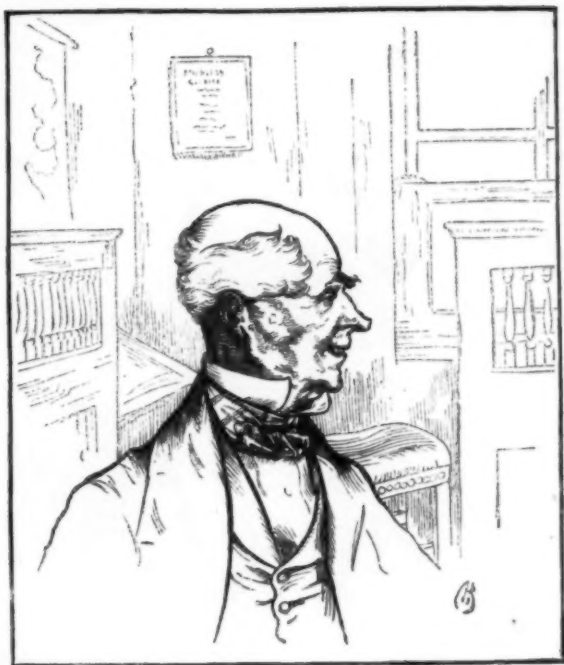
THE CHURCHWARDEN.





THE SENTIMENTAL CHEESEMONGER.





THE "WHOLESALE" HYPOCRITE.





THE UNDERGROUND MONEY-MAKER.



is fat and vulgar, no doubt, this man—fat with repletion of rich, strong smells of soft butter and crumbling cheese and mellow bacon—vulgar from lack of education, from a want of that native force of character which redeems his fellow-tradesmen of the vestry from either vulgarity or meanness; and yet, strange to say, he cherishes a world of perhaps somewhat unhealthy sentiment as he stands there sleekly oleaginous. Whence came those discs of grease which have left transparent blots upon the pages of novels from the circulating library round the corner? Whose lachrymose sniff is heard in the second tier of boxes on the nights of the sensation melodrama?

The unctuous moons upon those well-worn pages are but impressions of that sentimental thumb; the sniff accompanies the sigh which heaves that labouring chest when tubs and tasters are alike forgotten. There may be something of weakness and incapacity in this development of human kindness, but it bears fruit nevertheless, and many a larded shilling is pressed stickily into some poor wasted hand under its influence.

At least he is more estimable than the man who smirks a hypocritical denial of his trade in a supplementary counting-house railed off from the shop. You see his presentment here: his miserable ambition is to be considered 'wholesale;' and for this purpose he either furnishes his front window sparsely with large articles, or heaps it with confused masses of merchandize—pretended samples of an enormous stock below in unfathomable cellars. He is never to be seen behind the counter, and customers desiring to hold converse with him are directed to the office, where he lies in ambush waiting to be mistaken for a British merchant.

He began life probably as a juvenile clerk in some house where the wholesale had really superseded the shop trade, then rising to out-door clerk, and, so improving his knowledge and his circumstances, came to marry some relation of 'the firm,' who, sharing his own dislike of the retail, brought her portion of six or

seven hundred pounds to found an establishment of a mixed character, where customers might be served with small quantities as by favour and under protest,—the intended effect produced being an impression that they obtain better articles for their money at an emporium where the transactions were never intended to take place across a counter.

He lives in the suburbs, this snug proprietor, and drives to business in a neat chaise, which, if his affairs are prosperous, he exchanges for a brougham. Be sure that his wife and daughter are on visiting terms in society two shades above their own condition, and that they consider trade, except in a larger way, as exceedingly degrading—an opinion generally manifested by their demeanour at the shops in their own neighbourhood. The son—if there should be a son—may attend to business in an amateur way, dressed in the last tailor's fashion, and with hair scrupulously parted at the back. He is an officer in some local rifle corps, and thinks of adopting some profession, a desire often nipped in the bud by the necessity for redeeming his extravagances by an attention to the failing concern, which shares the fate of many other shams, and is gradually found out by the public.

If the ambition of the wholesale retailer stops short of a seat in Parliament he probably accepts a place in the corporation, and is known at once as a troublesome and somewhat cantankerous member of the minority in the Common Council. He it is who opposes all attempts to carry out any local improvement by accusing the sub-committees of incompetency or insinuating jobbery. Should this have the desired effect, and a fresh committee be formed, of which he is chairman, some before unknown architect or builder or surveyor is brought out as a phenomenon of genius until certain indications of his relationship to the chairman destroy the sweet illusion, and result in an examination of the accounts. Should any of the officers or servants of the Corporation come under the inspection or exhortation of this exalted shopkeeper, be sure they are worried and badgered by

his spiteful jocularly until (if they are weak or nervous) they are confused with surprise and indignation. Who so sharp upon defaulters as he? Who so persistent in his determination to keep everybody up to his own pure standard and gauge of duty? He seldom forgets the slightest symptom of disrespect in a poor man, and will meanly avenge himself at the first opportunity. Some day, perhaps, the shutters of the wholesale-retail establishment are not taken down at the usual time—no brougham drives up to the door—a legally written announcement appears wafered to the door-post, and another name in the Gazette—then the plate, furniture, carpets, pianos, cellar of wine, library of books, and kitchen utensils are divided into lots at the suburban villa—the horse and carriage are sold by private contract—the stock (a scanty one) and fixtures of the shop are knocked down to the highest bidder—and the sixteen feet of rails and wainscot panelling which form the office are carried away by two Jew dealers in a light cart.

A still lower specimen of the shop kingdom—a representative, indeed, of the most abject type of trade—is he who has, by his meanness and dishonesty brought trade itself into disrepute, as being inevitably associated with degrading influences and miserable, petty theft. Short weight, false measure, constant adulteration, unscrupulous lying, are the attendants on his commercial career. His origin is lost in obscurity, and he himself scarcely refers to his early youth, except by a sanctimonious whine, in which he profanely attributes his 'humble successes' to Providence. He is generally the tenant of a new shop, never properly finished, and only miserably fitted, situated in suburban London, or in those shabby-genteel neighbourhoods inhabited by commercial clerks, small City officials, people conducting obscure agencies, or those whose occupations are mysterious addenda to legal or Stock Exchange transactions. Tolernly secure against discovery, and with no particular objection to let certain of his customers run a small account, he sells

the worst adulterations of his trade (the grocer's), and cogs his scales boldly. By some mysterious fascination he keeps his victims on his books, and his shabby, half-furnished shop survives some others of greater pretensions and display. To open this shop he has married a widow with two hundred pounds and an unhealthy child, or an advanced spinster with a talent for saving and a small annuity. He himself is as shabby as his premises, and is never completely washed. He deprecates any friendly and jocular allusion to his fraudulent practices by inquiring what is to be done in such times and when business is in such a state. If he occupies a seat in the parish church he shambles to it as though he sought its shelter under protest—as well he may—and, in short, mildly regards himself as a martyr to a state of things with which he has personally nothing whatever to do.

Whatever else he does he makes money, and eking it out by means of a building society, or a loan society, or some other means known to such as he as a safe and secret mode of operation, contrives to build on some by-spot in his own neighbourhood a few small unwholesome-looking houses, which he calls cottages, and lets out at low rents. It must be a sharp tenant who would succeed in getting behindhand for a quarter; and the houses fade and rot and almost fall before he will consent to repair them. Soon they are let out by the week, on the principle of small profits and quick returns; and the artisans who rent them repair the places themselves, or let them run to decay. From this small beginning, however, he goes on, and so far prospers that he may eventually become the landlord of a whole row of modern villas, and wait upon his tenants for their quarter's rent with a hang-dog servility which is all his own. What becomes of him at last who can tell? His end is as little known as his beginning, for he is too low for disgrace, and too obscure even for infamy. A bad type of a vile species, let us hope for his final and speedy extinction.

T. A.



Drawn by Louis Huard.

"WAITING."

[See the Poem.]

LONDON SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER, 1863.

THE WORLD BEHIND THE SCENES.



WHEN our ancestors by Act of Parliament declared actors and stage players to be 'rogues and vagabonds,' it was far from the idea that all such persons led an idle, dissolute, and wandering life. Idleness, however, was what was chiefly insisted upon in connection with the occupation of play-acting. The player was looked upon as a

lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, who did not like real work, and who, consequently, turned actor, that he might indulge his indolent disposition. It was supposed that he created and fitted up his high-sounding work, or dialogue, through some parchment manuscript in the low-noised tavern, that he was singing himself as much as to

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